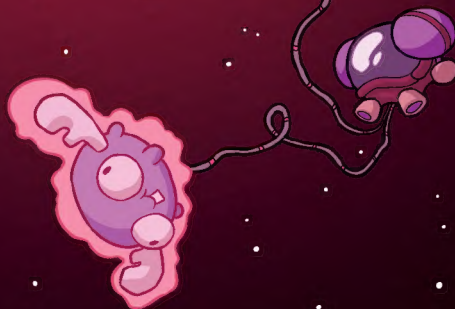


# INVADER ZIM

TM

VOLUME 5



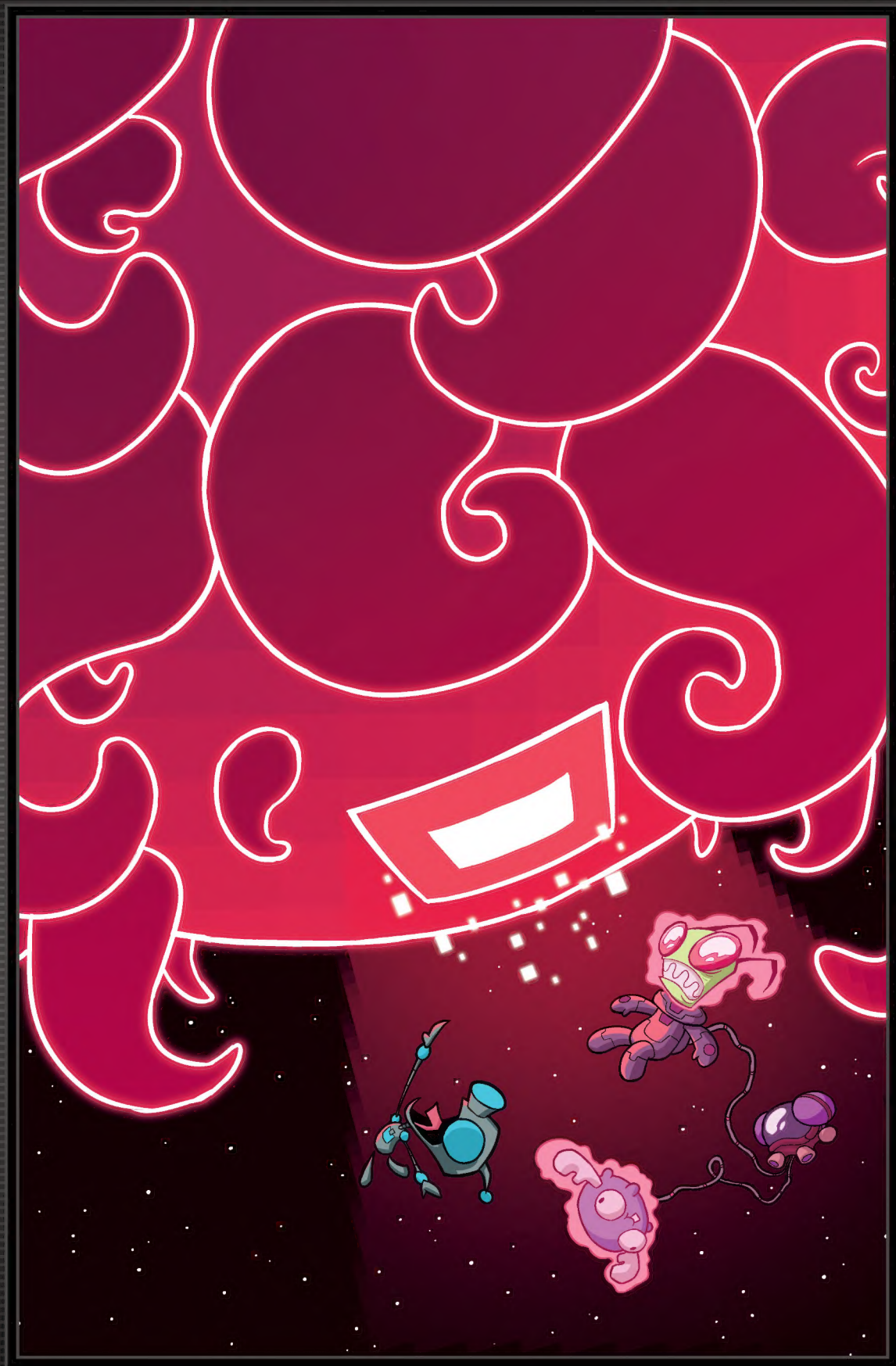
# INVADER ZIM™

VOLUME 5



Created by  
**JHONEN VASQUEZ**





# INVADER ZIM™

## VOLUME 5

Control Brain

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## nickelodeon

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# INVADER ZIM



## CHAPTER: 1

The Arc of VIROOZ Part One:  
The Mark of VIROOZ

illustration by **Warren Wucinich**



HEY IT'S ME RECAP KID AND... AND... AAAAHHHHHAHAHAH!! Sorry, I'm just really excited, but I won't tell you why OKAY I'M GONNA TELL YOU WHY! ZIM COMICS! Last time everyone switched brains! Or maybe switched bodies? But they looked like mashed-up versions of each other, SO FUNNY, and now I'm EXCITED because this is the FIRST issue of a huge FOUR-PART STORY!!!! It's gonna be like an EXTRA LONG EPISODE or maybe even a MOVIE! ALL WITH ZIM!!!! ZIM AND GIR, and a little bit of Dib, could be more Dib, BUT THAT'S OKAY!!! I've read the whole thing and let me tell you, okay, so it STARTS OUT with GIR and ZIM at the FLAMIN' HOT CHEEZOS factory, AND THEN, AND THEN—I'M TOO EXCITED! BALLALLJGHHHG JUST READ IT OKAAAAAY?





THE HISTORY OF HUMANITY... IS  
THE HISTORY OF CHEEZE SNACKS.



SINCE THE FIRST NEANDERTHAL  
KILLED HIS FIRST CHEEZELOPE  
ON THE OPEN PLAINS... WE HAVE  
ALWAYS STEPPED FORWARD  
WITH CHEEZE IN OUR HANDS!

DIB IS NOT  
IN THIS ONE.

HEY!

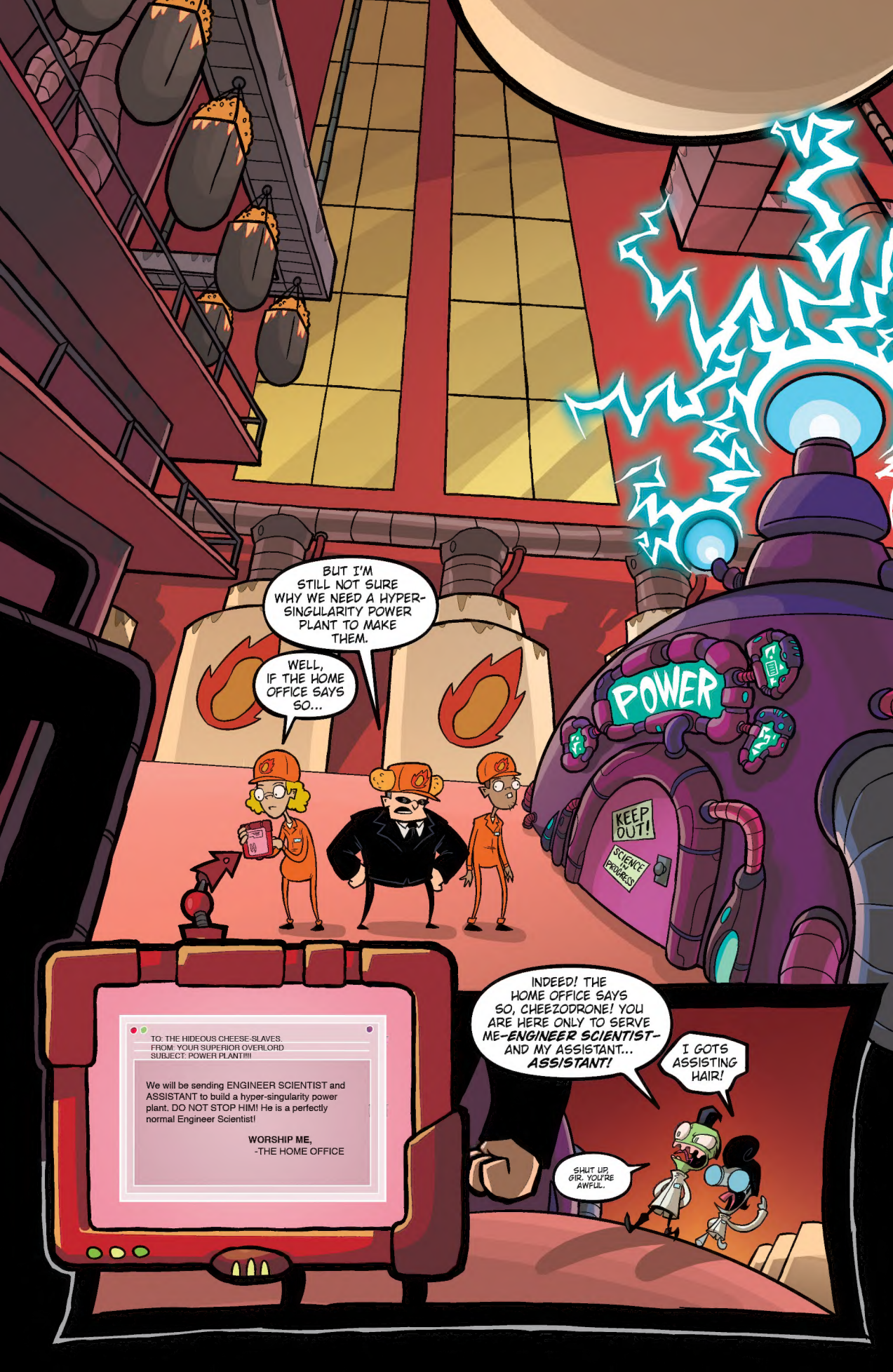


CHEEZOS  
FACTORY

AND THE FLAMIN' HOT  
CHEEZO IS THE PINNACLE  
OF ACHIEVEMENT!







BUT I'M  
STILL NOT SURE  
WHY WE NEED A HYPER-  
SINGULARITY POWER  
PLANT TO MAKE  
THEM.

WELL,  
IF THE HOME  
OFFICE SAYS  
SO...

POWER

KEEP OUT!

SCIENCE  
IN PROGRESS

TO: THE HIDEOUS CHEESE-SLAVES.  
FROM: YOUR SUPERIOR OVERLOAD  
SUBJECT: POWER PLANT!!!!

We will be sending ENGINEER SCIENTIST and  
ASSISTANT to build a hyper-singularity power  
plant. DO NOT STOP HIM! He is a perfectly  
normal Engineer Scientist!

WORSHIP ME,  
-THE HOME OFFICE

INDEED! THE  
HOME OFFICE SAYS  
SO, CHEEZODRONE! YOU  
ARE HERE ONLY TO SERVE  
ME-ENGINEER SCIENTIST-  
AND MY ASSISTANT...  
ASSISTANT!

I GOTTS  
ASSISTING  
HAIR!

SHUT UP  
GIRL, YOU'RE  
AWFUL.



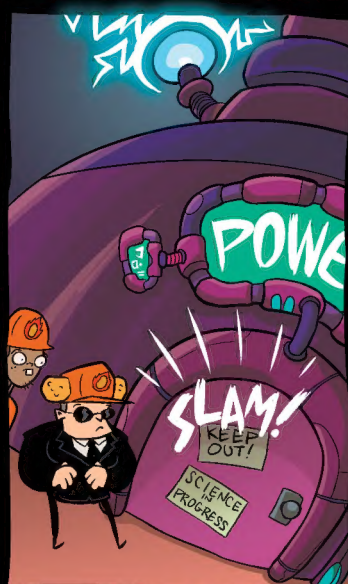


UM...  
DO YOU NEED  
ANYTHING?

I NEED  
NOTHING, HUMAN!  
LET NO ONE DISTURB  
ME AS ASSISTANT AND  
I CONTINUE OUR WORK  
INSIDE THE POWER  
PLANT ROOM!



...WHICH IS  
UNDER THE MAIN  
STORAGE TANK OF FLAMIN'  
HOT CHEEZO DUST FOR  
NO REASON!





AT LAST! I CAN COMPLETE MY EVIL PLAN TO DESTROY THE HUMANS!

THIS POWER PLANT IS PLACED BENEATH THE GIANT TANKS OF FLAMIN' HOT CHEEZO DUST FOR A REASON!

YOU SAID NO REASON!

I LIED!

IT IS DESIGNED TO EXPLODE AT MY COMMAND!

BLOWING MASSES OF FLAMIN' HOT CHEEZO DUST INTO THE ATMOSPHERE!

RENDERING EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE UNBREATHABLE TO ALL HUMANS!!!

KOFF KOFF

WHOOO-BOM!

GAKK!

HUMANITY'S UNCHECKED QUEST FOR THE HOTTEST SNACK FOOD POSSIBLE SHALL BE THEIR UNDOING!!

BWAHAHAHAHA!

HAHAHAHA!

BWEEHEEEEEE!

TOO MUCH LAUGHING!

WE MUST WORK!

AND NOW, I MUST TUNE THE GOGGUGAL FEED-ZOGS ON THE SINGULARITY KWAG!





ye argh!

GIR! DID YOU TRY TO SMASH IN MY SKULL WITH A KWAG-WRENCH?!

NOOOOOOOO...

ARE YOU SUUUUUURE?

YEEEEAAAAHHHH...

STRANGE. WELL, I'M GOING TO YELL AT YOU ANYWAY.

**BAD GIR! BAD!**

**KNOCK KNOCK**



WE HEARD  
A SCREAM.

OH... I  
JUST GOT SOME  
CHEEZO DUST IN MY  
EYE-SOCKETS. I MAY  
BE BLINDED FOR  
LIFE.

THAT'S FINE,  
THEN.

THEN  
I YELLED AT  
MY ASSISTANT  
FOR BEING  
TERRIBLE.

NOT COOL.  
THAT KIND OF  
ABUSE IS VERY  
UN-CHEEZO!

REGARDLESS,  
I DID SOME CHECKING,  
AND WE HAVE NO RECORD OF  
ANY "ENGINEER SCIENTIST"  
ON OUR PERSONNEL  
LIST.

HOW ABOUT  
DR. ENGINEER  
SCIENTIST?

NO.

WELL, I AM A  
LEGITIMATE HUMAN ENGINEER  
SCIENTIST. HERE, I AM, ENGINEERING  
BEFORE YOUR VERY  
EYES.

ENGINEERENGINEER  
ENGINEERENGINEER.

THAT *IS*  
CONVINCING! BUT  
I'M GONNA DOUBLE-  
CHECK WITH THE HOME  
OFFICE. WE TAKE SECURITY  
PRETTY SERIOUSLY AT  
THE FLAMIN' HOT  
CHEEZO PLANT.

PRETTY.

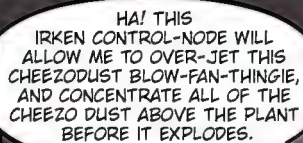
SERIOUSLY.

QUICKLY  
GIRL! TO THE NEXT  
STEP OF OUR EVIL  
PLAN! DON'T BE  
TERRIBLE.





COME, GIR.  
THESE ARE THE  
CENTRAL DUCTS FOR  
FLAMIN' HOT CHEEZO  
DUST. **DON'T LICK  
ANYTHING!!**



HA! THIS  
IRKEN CONTROL-NODE WILL  
ALLOW ME TO OVER-JET THIS  
CHEEZODUST BLOW-FAN-THINGIE,  
AND CONCENTRATE ALL OF THE  
CHEEZO DUST ABOVE THE PLANT  
BEFORE IT EXPLODES.



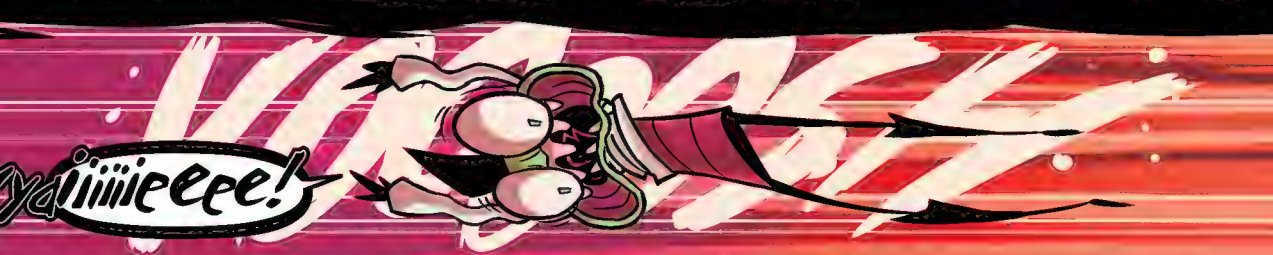
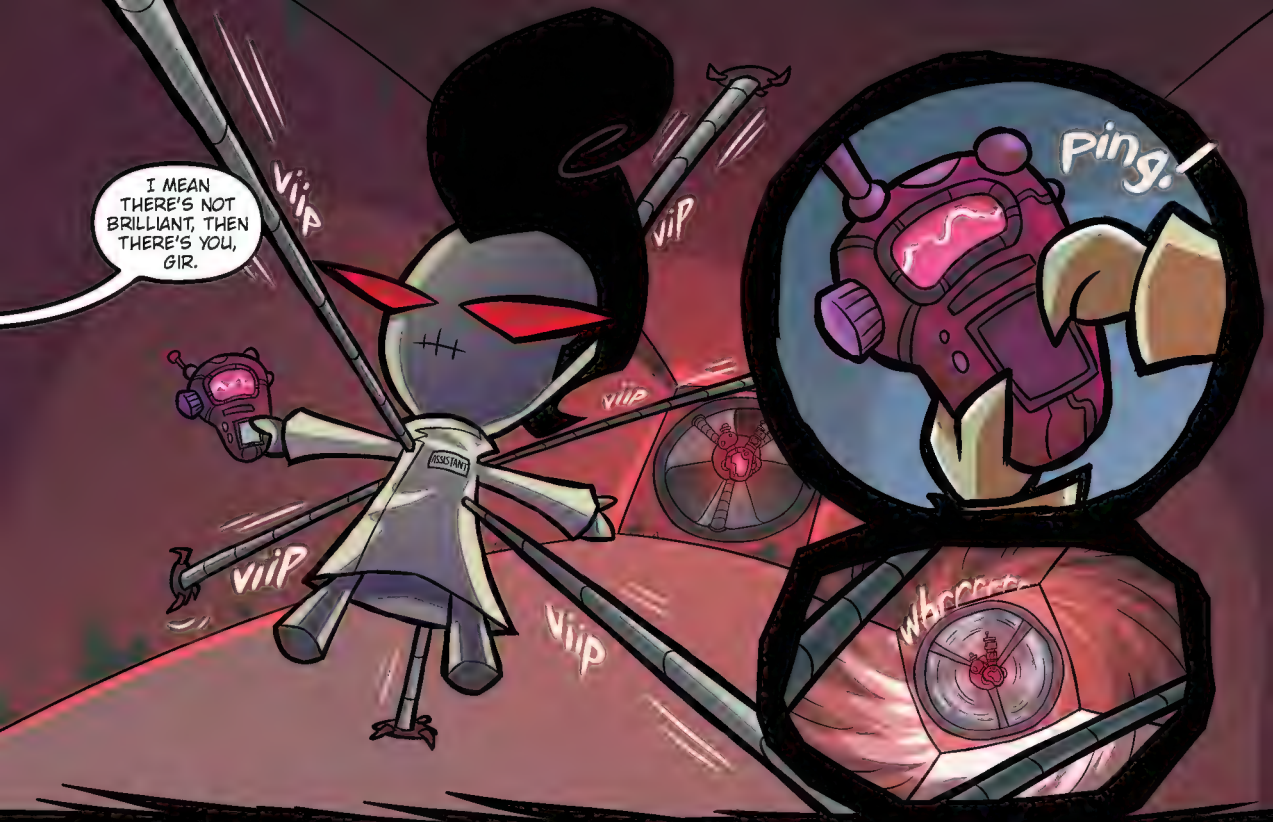
HOLD THE  
REMOTE WHILE  
I FINISH.



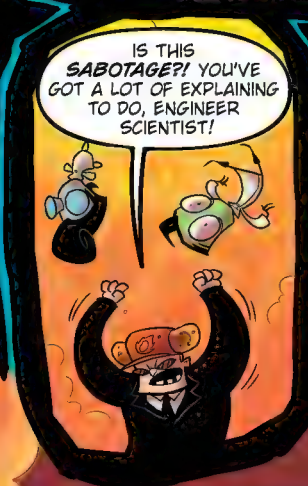
IT'S A GOOD  
THING I'M SO  
BRILLIANT, GIR.  
BECAUSE YOU'RE  
PRETTY NOT.



PROTOCOL  
VIROOZ OMEGA.









THE  
CHEEZODRONES  
ARE ONTO ME! I HAVE  
TO RUSH THE PLAN  
FORWARD!

*GIR!*  
HELP ME GWINGE-WELD  
THE FUZZLEPLOOK ON THE  
SINGULARITY SQUIDGE-  
ULATOR!

PROTOCOL  
VIROOZ OMEGA!

*GIR!*  
THAT'S NOT  
HOW YOU  
WELD!





WHAT DID I SAY ABOUT BEING TERRIBLE?!

TRYING TO DESTROY ME IS TERRIBLE!

SINGULARITY LEAK!

SINGULARITY LEAK!

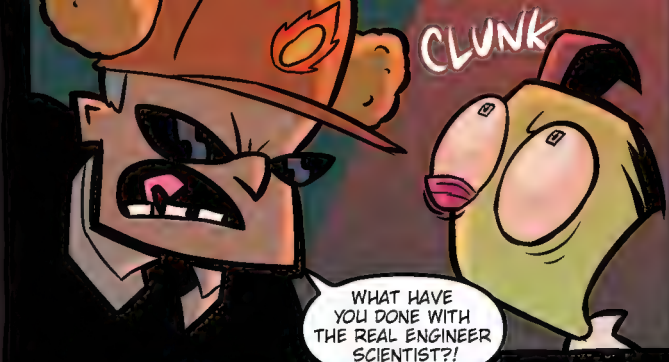
NO! A SINGULARITY LEAK! AND THE RED LIGHT MEANS THAT'S BAD!

JUST AS I THOUGHT! SABOTAGE! THE WORST KIND OF 'TAGE THERE IS!

BUT—



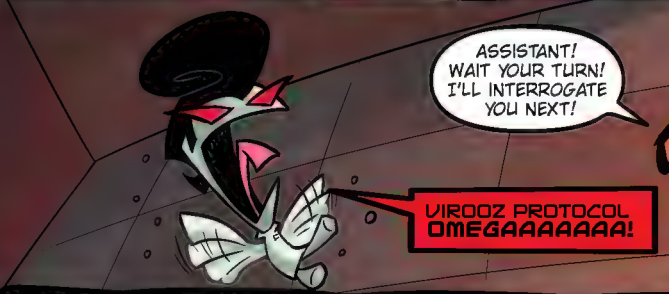




WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH THE REAL ENGINEER SCIENTIST?!



MRS. SCIENTIST IS PROBABLY WORRIED SICK RIGHT NOW!



VIROOZ PROTOCOL. OMEGAAAAAAA!







AEEEEIGH!!!

Bounce

WOOP

WOOP

WOOP

INTRUDER  
ALERT!

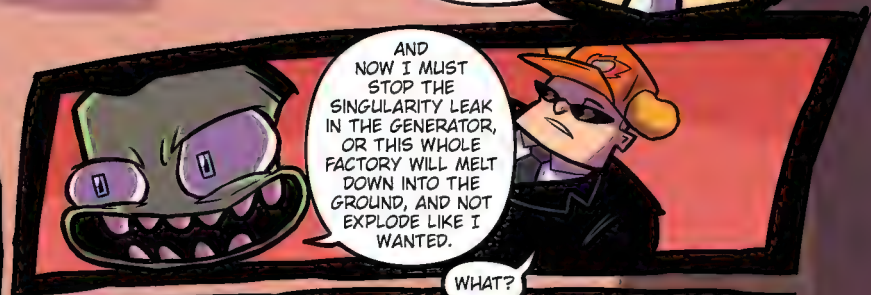
CONDITION:  
FLAMIN' HOT!

EVACUATE  
IMMEDIATELY!

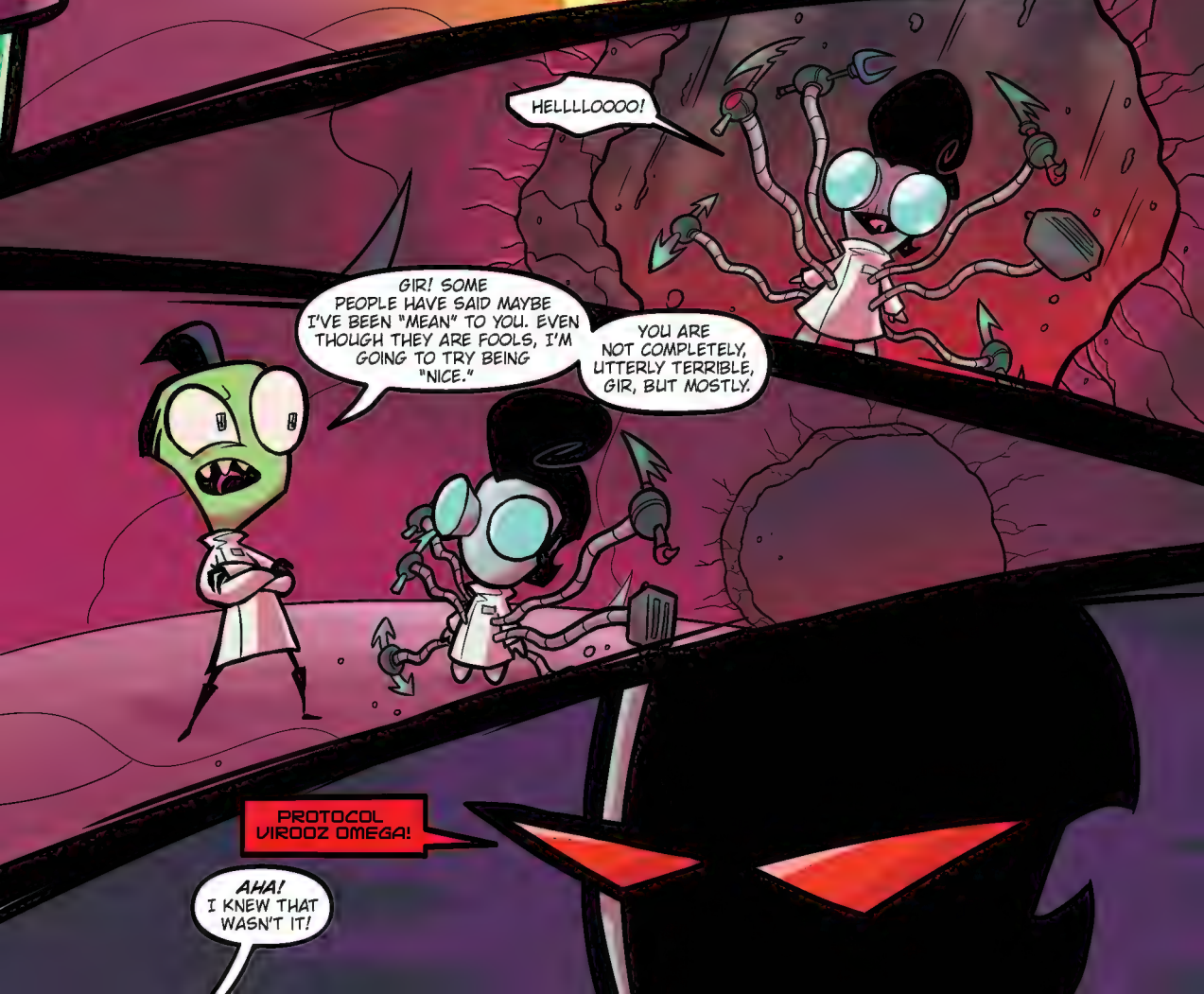
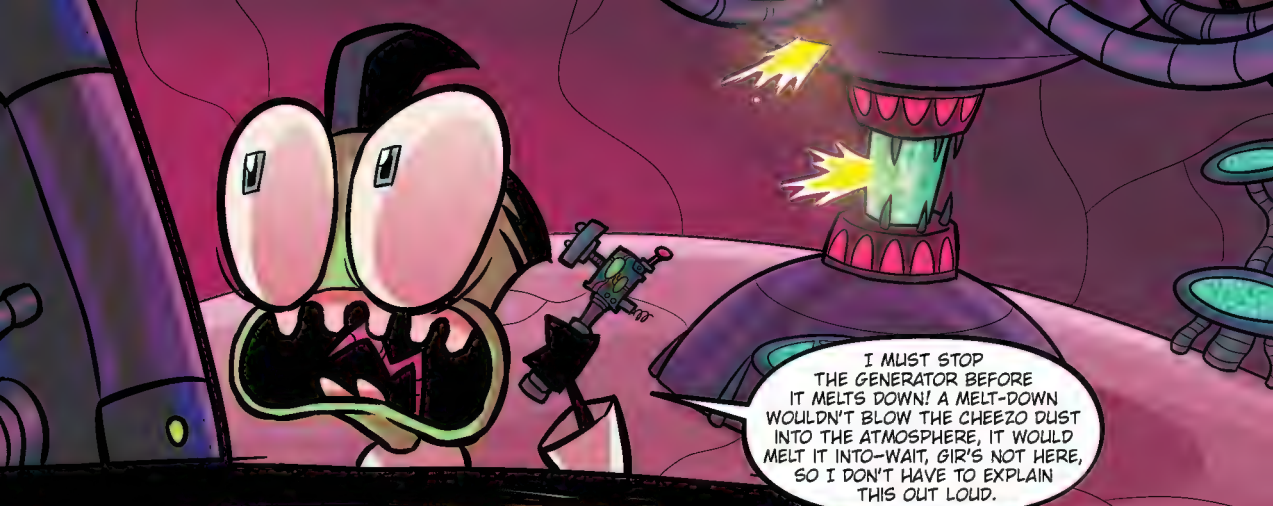
ENGINEER  
SCIENTIST!

YANK

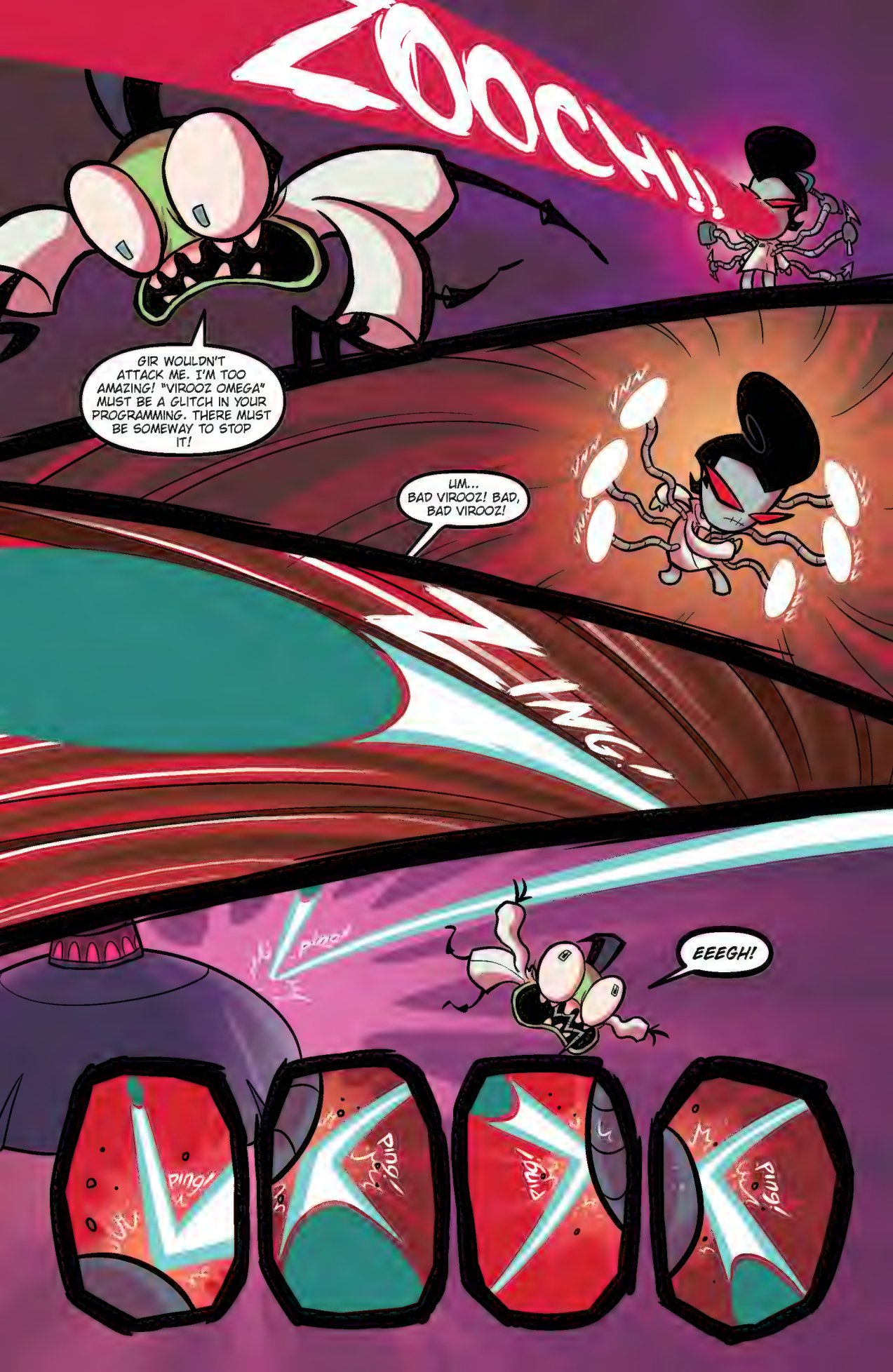




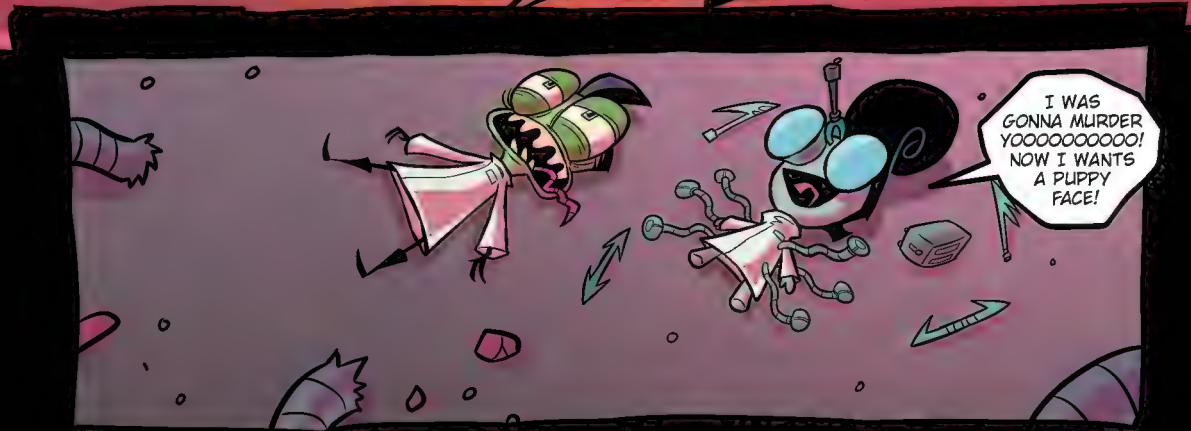
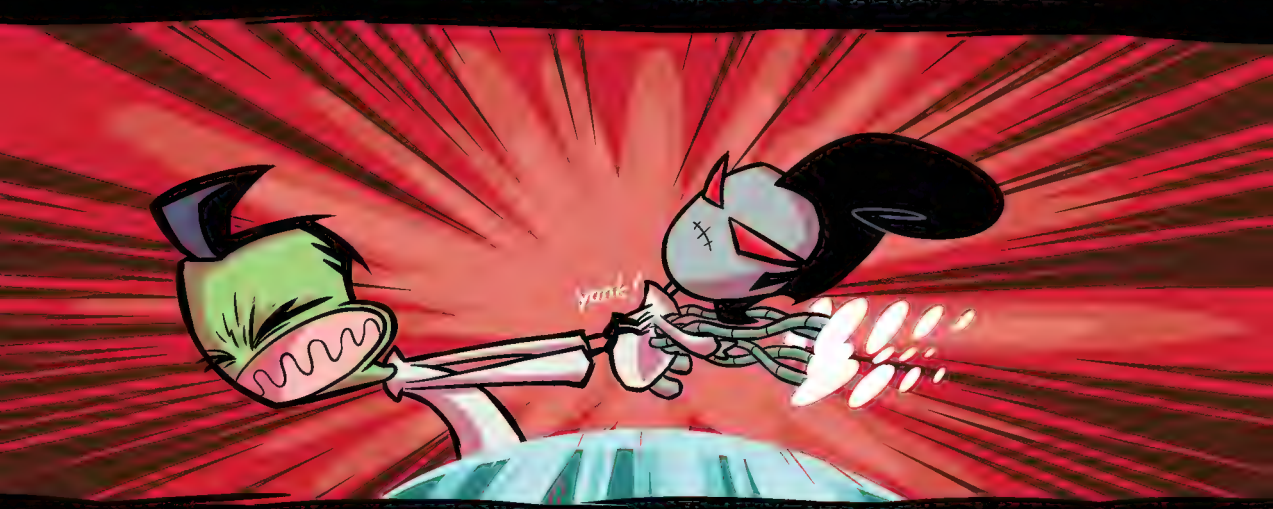
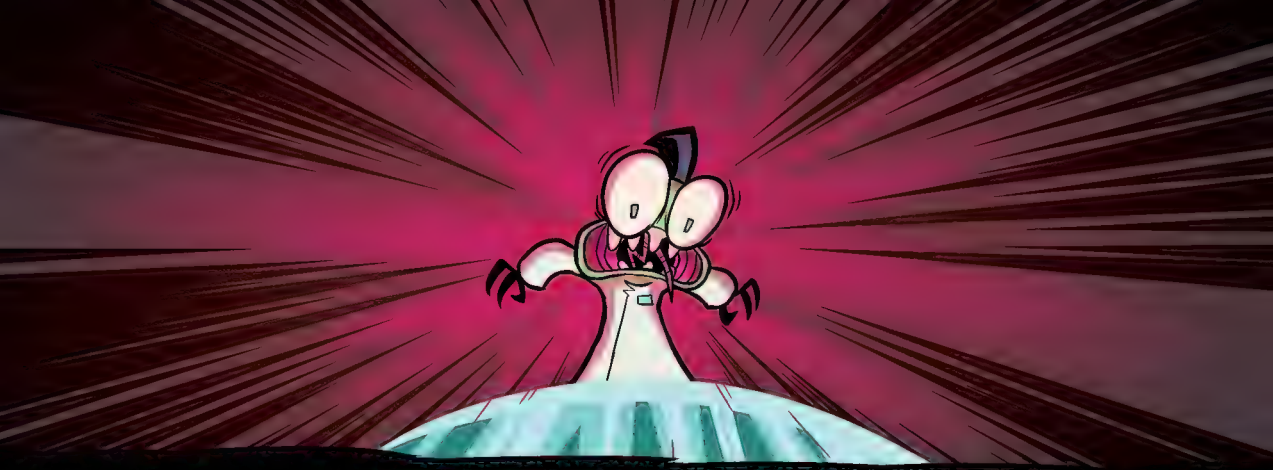














ENGINEER  
SCIENTIST!

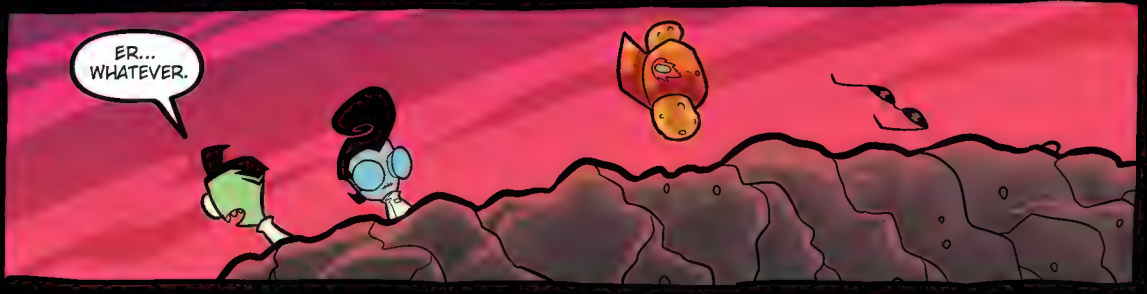
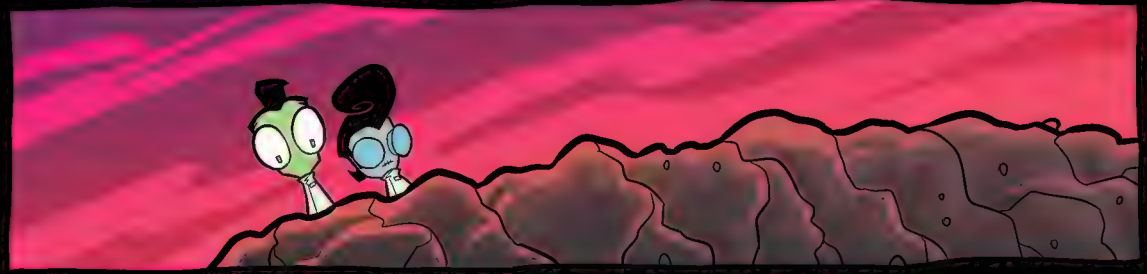
YES,  
BENCH-FILTH?

YOU'RE A  
CREDIT TO THE CHEEZO  
PROFESSION! YOU SELFLESSLY  
THREW DOWN YOUR LIFE IN THE  
FACE OF DANGER TO SAVE THIS  
FACTORY. THANK YOU FOR  
STOPPING THAT REACTOR  
LEAK!

REACTOR  
LEAK?  
OHNNNNNN  
YEAHHHHHH!



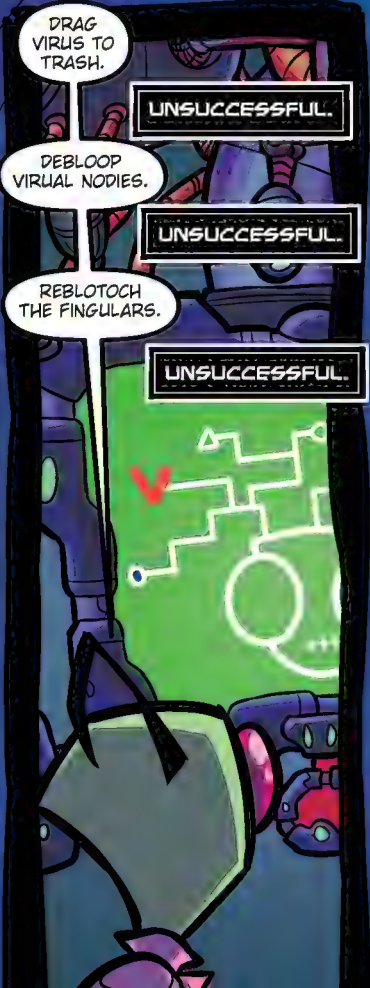








AND NOW  
TO SEE JUST WHAT  
IS "VIROOZ PROTOCOL  
OMEGA."



DRAG  
VIRUS TO  
TRASH.

UNSUCCESSFUL.

DEBLOOP  
VIRTUAL NODIES.

UNSUCCESSFUL.

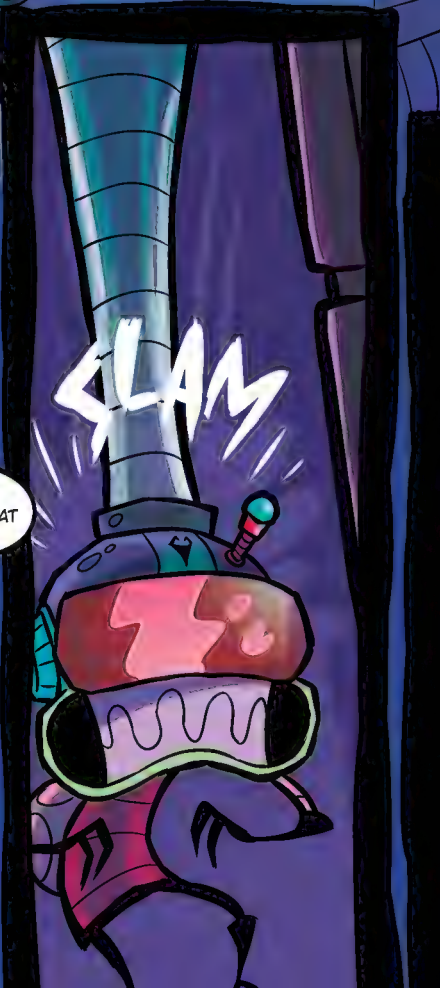
REBLOTOCH  
THE FINGULARS.

UNSUCCESSFUL.



ENTER AN ANTI-VIRUS  
VIRTUAL REALITY WORLD  
IN WHICH YOU COULD BE  
IN ACTUAL DANGER OF  
DEATH? YES/NO.

NO! WHY  
WOULD I WANT TO  
GO THROUGH ALL THAT  
STUPID TROUBLE?



CLAM





# INVADER ZIM



## CHAPTER: 2

The Arc of VIROOZ Part Two:  
The Spark of VIROOZ

illustration by **Warren Wucinich**



WOW, okay, Recap Kid here again, back in action!!! Are you ready to read some ZIM COMICS? I KNOW I AM! Every time the NEW issue comes out I read all the OLD issues TEN TIMES. ELEVEN, SOMETIMES. And now we're in PART TWO of this HUGE BIG GIANT ZIM STORY! Last time, GIR went WHA000A000 NUTS and tried to KILL ZIM!!! And if you watch the show you know that's a BIG FAT NO!!!! GIR WOULD NEVER DO THAT! SO something was WRONG WITH GIR!!! Something like GIR HAS A VIRUS!!!! AAHHHHHHHHHHHH well in THIS ONE ZIM's gonna GET RID of that VIRUS! BY GOING IN GIR'S HEAD!! AHHHHHHHHHHHHH WHAT'S GONNA HAPPEN? I ALREADY KNOW BUT I'M GONNA READ IT AGAIN, OKAY? BYEEEEEEEE!





TRAPPED  
IN A LIFE-OR-DEATH  
STRUGGLE WITH LEGLESS THE  
CLOWN, SGT. OYSTERFACE,  
AND SUSAN SAD-ORB!

HOW  
DID ZIM GET  
HERE?!?

OH YES!  
I REMEMBER  
NOW...





**EARLIER!!**

WHAT DOES THAT EVEN MEAN?!

**BUT FAR  
BELOW...**

AHA! THE  
 VIROOZ PROTOCOL  
 VIRUS. IT TRIED TO USE  
 GIR TO DESTROY ME.  
 RIGHT, MINIMOOSE?

MYEH!

GOOD  
THING YOU'RE  
HERE, OR I'D HAVE  
TO WORK IN SILENCE,  
NOT DESCRIBING MY  
ACTIONS AT ALL.

AND  
NOW, I SHALL  
PURGE IT! DRAG  
TO TRASH...

UNSUCCESSFUL

CLEAR  
BINGULARS?

**UNSUCCESSFUL**

UNCOBULATE  
ZINKFLOBS?

(SIGH)  
UNSUCCESSFUL.

ACTIVATE ANTI-VIRUS  
VIRTUAL REALITY INTERFACE  
IN WHICH YOU COULD BE IN  
ACTUAL DANGER OF DEATH?  
YES/NO.

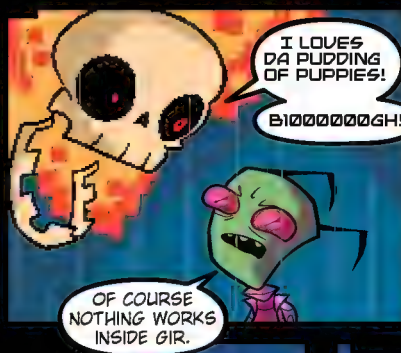
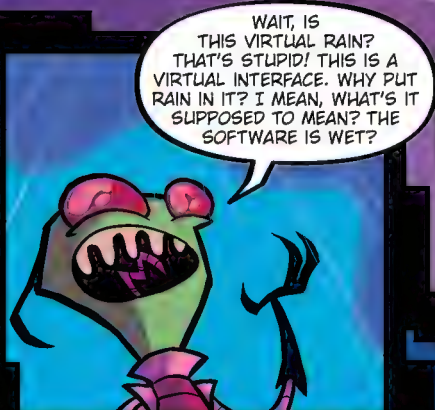
SURE—  
WAIT, WHY DO I  
NEED SOMETHING  
SO COMPLICATED  
JUST TO—

**GRK!**

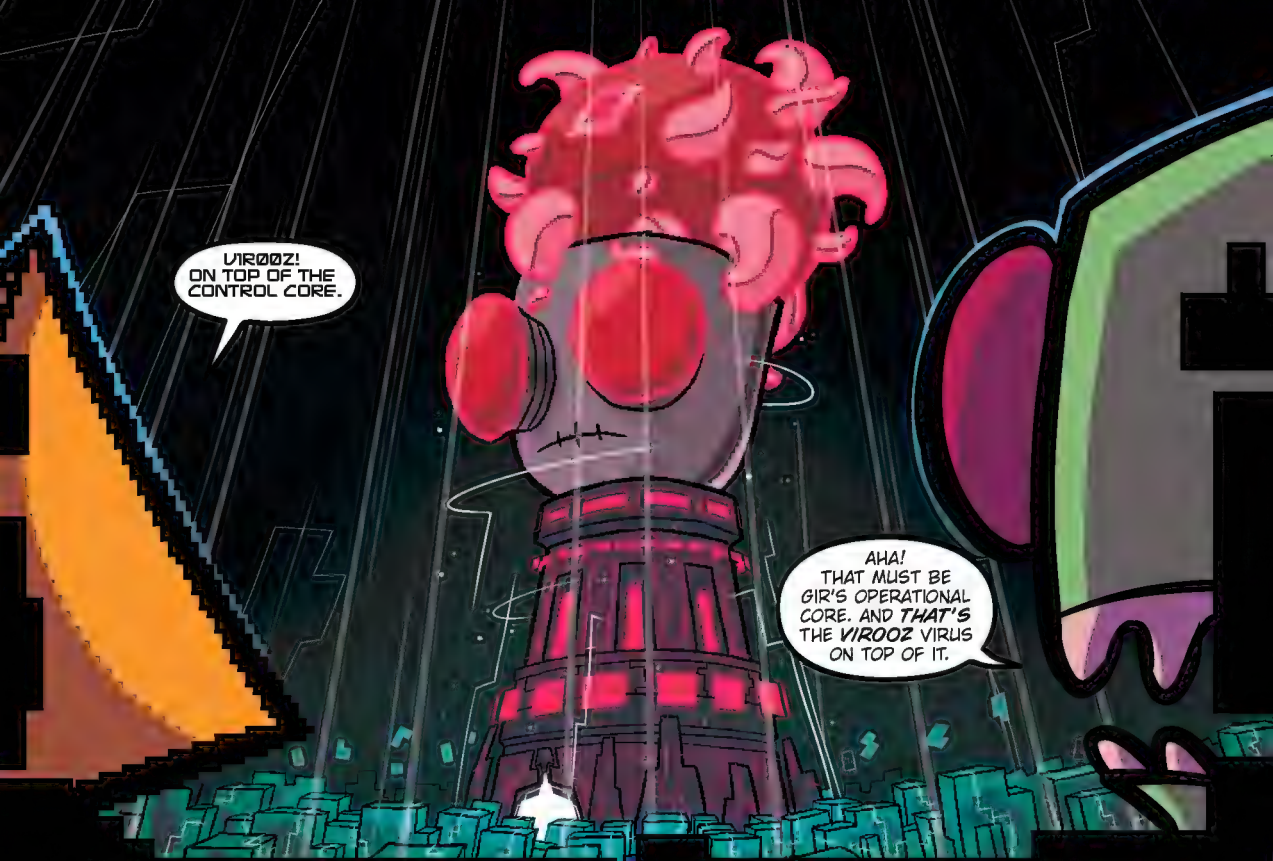
The logo for the 'SLAM!' event, featuring the word 'SLAM!' in a stylized, bold, white font with a black outline, set against a dark, textured background.

**DANGEROUS VIRTUAL  
INTERFACE ENGAGED!**









VIR00Z!  
ON TOP OF THE  
CONTROL CORE.

AHA!  
THAT MUST BE  
GIR'S OPERATIONAL  
CORE. AND *THAT'S*  
THE VIR00Z VIRUS  
ON TOP OF IT.



I'M SO  
LONELY.

WAIT, WHY  
WOULD SOFTWARE  
BE LONELY?

STOP!



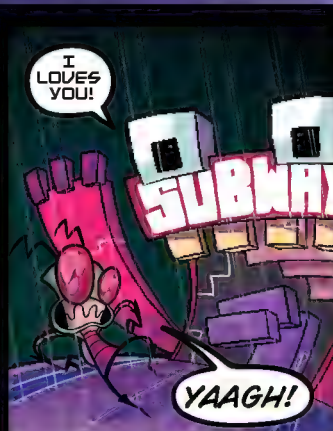
DANGEROUS  
INTRUDER! APPREHEND!  
APPREHEND!



WHO?  
ME? NO, YOU  
WANT THIS SAD  
TRIANGLE  
MAN!



I'LL  
DUCK IN THIS  
SUBWAY STATION  
AND LOSE  
THEM!



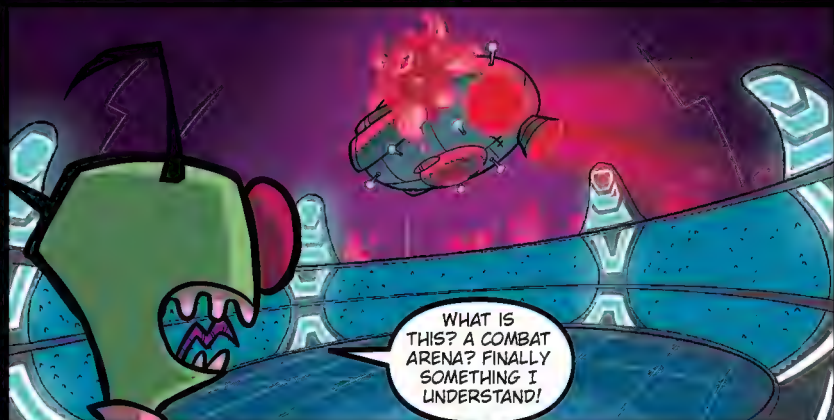
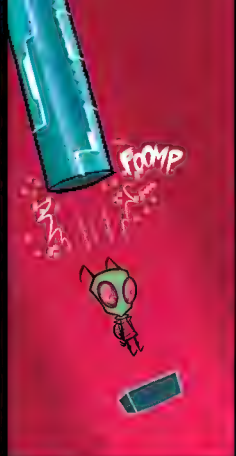
I  
LOVES  
YOU!

YAAAGH!



WHY DOES  
NOTHING WORK  
RIGHT INSIDE  
GIR?!?







SHOULD I EVEN **ASK** WHY COMPUTER SOFTWARE WOULD BATTLE OTHER COMPUTER SOFTWARE? OR WHY MORE SOFTWARE WOULD WATCH? REALLY, THIS IS TOTALLY STUPID!

PREPARE TO ENGAGE IN A CONTEST OF BLOOBITYBLOO BLOOBLOO!

WELL, GIR IS SO BROKEN, THIS SHOULD BE PRETTY EASY. DOES THE MONKEY-STICK SHOOT HAM OR SOMETHING?

IT SHOOTS DEATH.

AIIIEGH!

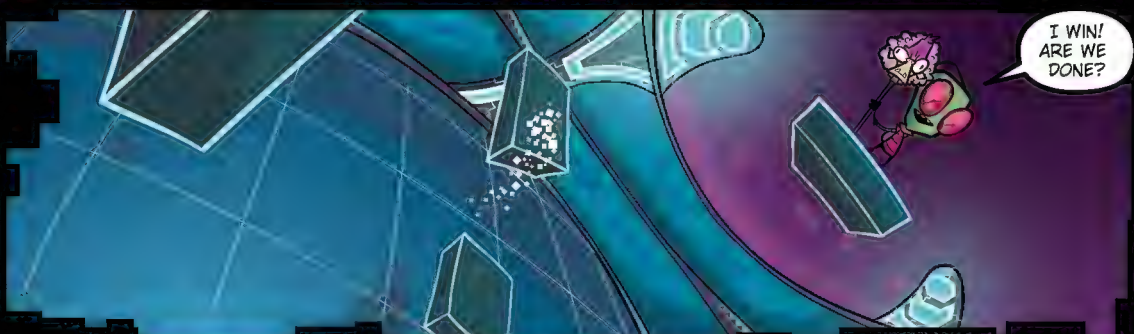
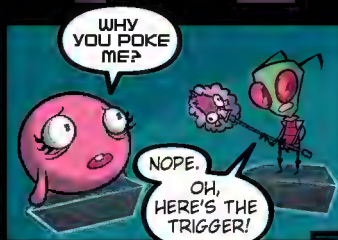
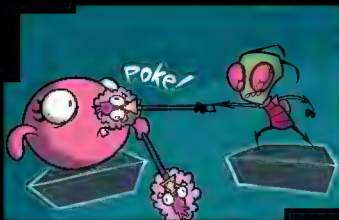
HOW DOES THIS MONKEY-DEATH-STICK WORK?!

MAYBE...

skoo

skow!













WHERE ARE WE GOING?

SOMEWHERE SAFE.

WHO ARE YOU?

A FRIEND.

WHY DOES THIS CAR LOOK LIKE A CHIHUAHUA?

(SIGH) BECAUSE NOTHING IN THIS STUPID SIR UNIT WORKS RIGHT!



WHO ARE YOU, ANYWAY??

YANK!

AN IRKEN? HERE?!



I'M THE DIGITAL BRAIN SCAN OF SCIENTIST HOK, THE IRKEN WHO DEVELOPED THE ORIGINAL SIR PROGRAMMING. BUT IN HERE, I'M THE ERROR-CORRECTING SOFTWARE.

SO YOU MADE THIS RIDICULOUS INTERFACE WORLD THING! WHY DO YOU LOOK OLD? NOBODY GETS OLD IN A COMPUTER!

IT'S FOR EFFECT, OK?

AND WHY IS THERE A BAR? DO PROGRAMS DRINK THINGS?

AND HOW DOES SOFTWARE SIT DOWN AT TABLES?

AND THIS "BACK ROOM," IS IT AN ACTUAL "ROOM" IN GIR'S MEMORY?

DO YOU WANT TO KNOW ABOUT VIROOZ OR NOT?

IS THIS FURNITURE SOME KIND OF SOFTWARE THAT—

SHUT UP, ALREADY!

VIROOZ CAME HERE ABOUT SIX CYCLES AGO. I DON'T KNOW WHY. BUT IT'S TAKEN OVER EVERYTHING IT TOUCHED. AND EVERYTHING IT TOUCHES TURNS DEADLY.

SO WHY DON'T YOU FIX IT? YOU'RE THE ERROR-CORRECTION SOFTWARE.

I WOULD DESTROY VIROOZ, BUT... VIROOZ WORKS PERFECTLY!

IT'S SO BEAUTIFUL I CAN'T STAND IT! I MEAN, NOTHING WORKS RIGHT IN THIS PLACE!



LIKE THAT  
CHAIR YOU'RE SITTING  
ON. IT'S NOT A CHAIR!  
IT'S BIFFY THE HAPPY  
SIT-CRAB!



CRABBITDDY  
CRABBITDDY  
HEY THERE!



YIIKE!

ENOUGH  
NOISE FLAPPING!



THAT  
HURT.



YOUR  
FAULT FOR  
PROGRAMMING  
PAIN! NOW HELP  
ME STOP VIROOZ,  
HOK-DRONE!

WELL, I  
DO HAVE AN  
ADVANCED ANTI-VIRUS  
PROGRAM. IT COULD  
TAKE OUT VIROOZ.



SO YOU  
MADE IT LOOK  
LIKE A BIG NEEDLE,  
HUH?

I'M  
AN ARTIST.  
OKAY?!



SO, ARE  
THEY "DELETING"  
PROGRAMS WHEN  
THEY SHOOT  
THEM, OR...?



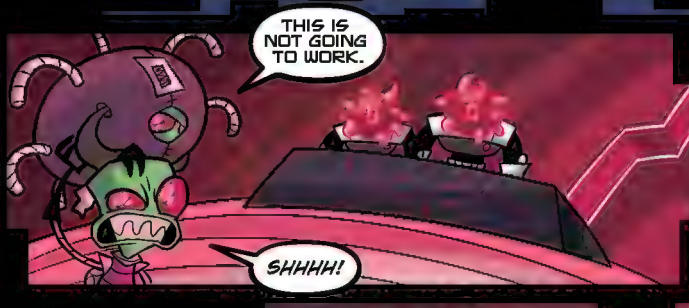
SHUT  
UP AND  
RUN!

WE'LL  
NEED A DISGUISE  
TO SNEAK TO THE  
CENTRAL CORE.



FORTUNATELY  
ZIM IS A MASTER  
OF DISGUISE!



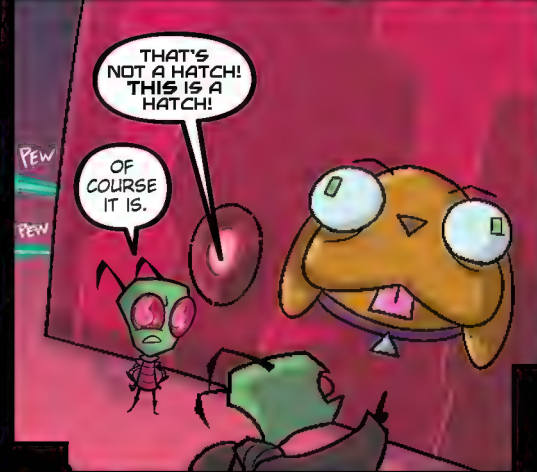






"MASTER OF DISGUISE," HUH?

YOUR FAULT FOR... IT'S YOUR FAULT!



WHY NOT?





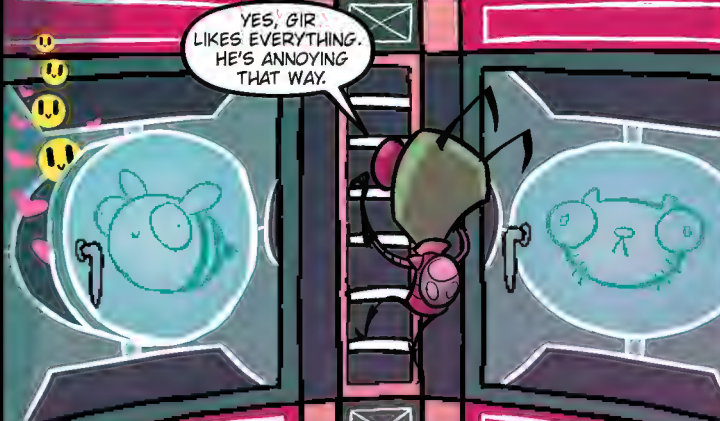




THIS IS GIR'S STACK. THESE COMPARTMENTS CONTAIN HOW HE FEELS ABOUT THINGS.



YES, GIR LIKES EVERYTHING. HE'S ANNOYING THAT WAY.



IS THIS ME? WELL... I SHOULD MAKE SURE GIR THINKS HIGHLY OF HIS MASTER.



I... OH...

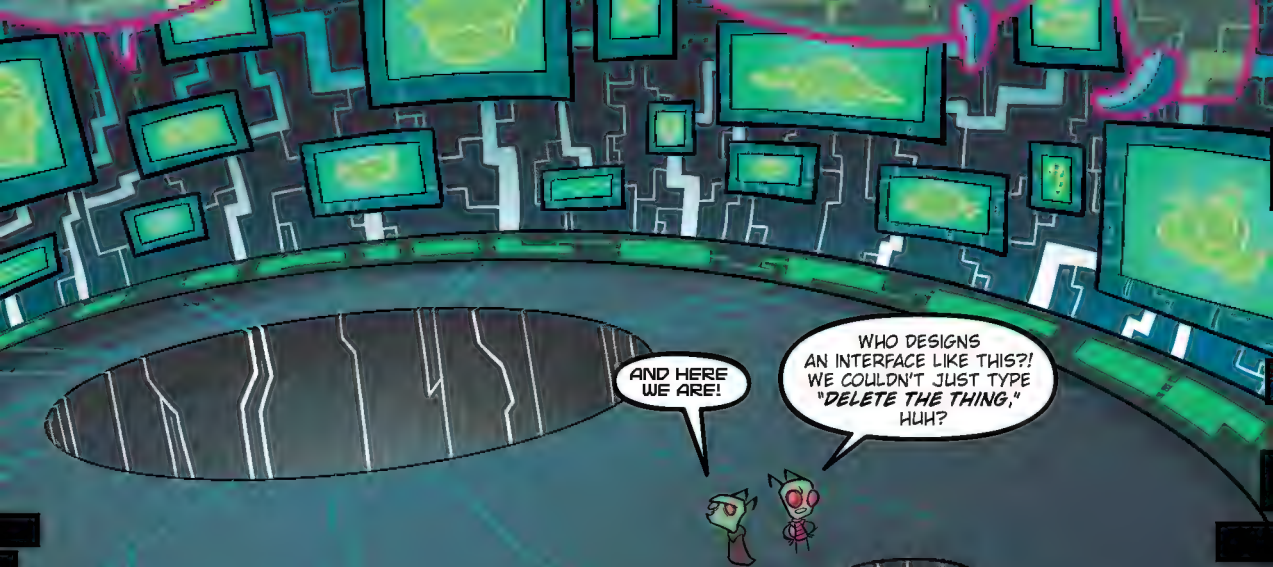


I NEVER WANT TO SEE THAT AGAIN.

WHAT?

JUST KEEP CLIMBING. YRRRSH.





AND HERE  
WE ARE!

WHO DESIGNS  
AN INTERFACE LIKE THIS?!  
WE COULDN'T JUST TYPE  
"DELETE THE THING,"  
HUH?

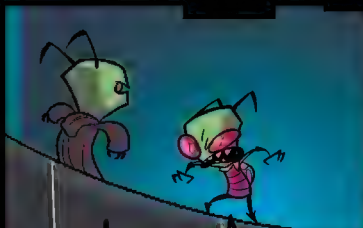
AND...  
WHERE'S VIROOZ?  
AFTER ALL MY WALKING,  
IT'S NOT HERE? HOW  
DARE HE?!-IT!-  
WHATEVER!

IT  
SHOULD BE  
HERE...



WAIT...  
I SHOULD HAVE  
SEEN IT ALL ALONG! OF  
COURSE THERE'S NO  
VIROOZ... BECAUSE  
VIROOZ IS YOU!

WHAT?  
UH... NO.



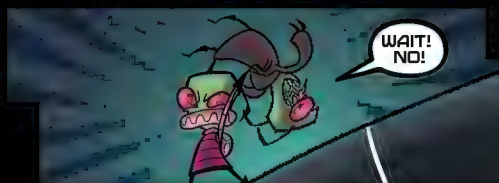
EVERYTHING  
IN THIS WORLD  
IS BROKEN...  
EXCEPT YOU!

THAT'S  
BECAUSE I'M THE  
ERROR CORRECTION  
SOFTWARE, DUH!

YOU  
EASILY AVOIDED  
THE GUARDS!

HELLO?  
IT WASN'T  
EASY.

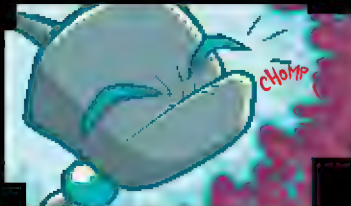
AND YOU  
BROUGHT ME HERE  
TO THROW ME INTO THE  
MOUTH OF THE GIANT GIR  
BEAST DOWN THERE! WELL,  
I'M GOING TO THROW YOU  
IN FIRST, VIROOZ!



WAIT!  
NO!



YOU'RE A HUGE  
IDIOOOOOOT!!



Chomp





HA!  
I KNEW NO  
REAL SCIENTIST WOULD  
BE DUMB ENOUGH TO DESIGN  
AN INTERFACE THIS MORONIC.  
NOW, HOW DO I GET OUT  
OF HERE?



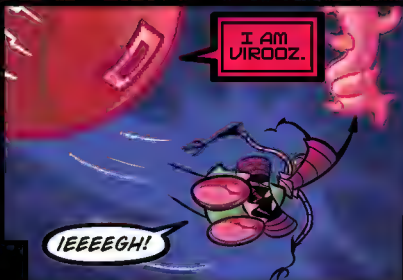
OH.  
GUARDS. I HAVE  
DESTROYED YOUR MASTER,  
SO YOU CAN GO AWAY  
NOW.



RIGHT?

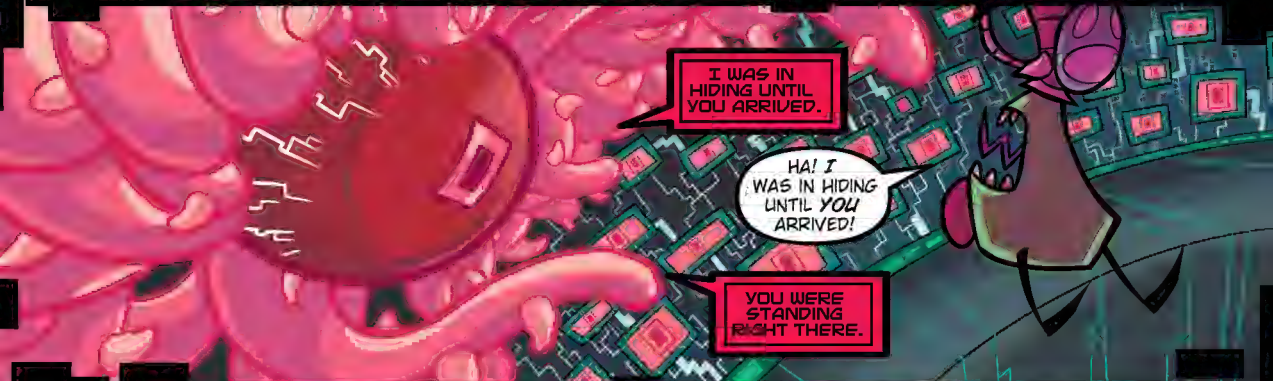


VIROOZ  
HAS PLUNGED TO  
HIS DOOM, SO GET  
OUT OF THE WAY  
OF ZIM!



I AM  
VIROOZ.

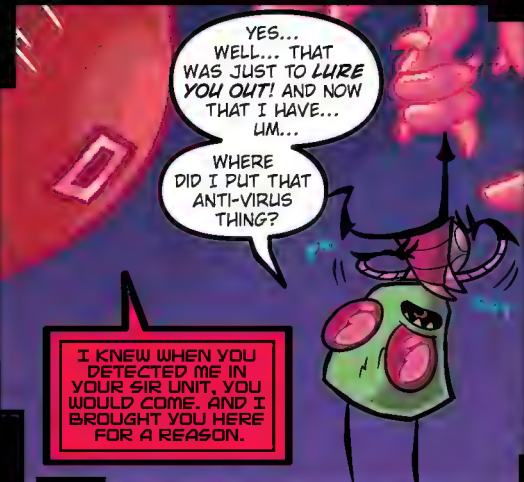
IEEEEGH!



I WAS IN  
HIDING UNTIL  
YOU ARRIVED.

HA! I  
WAS IN HIDING  
UNTIL YOU  
ARRIVED!

YOU WERE  
STANDING  
RIGHT THERE.



YES...  
WELL... THAT  
WAS JUST TO LURE  
YOU OUT! AND NOW  
THAT I HAVE...  
UM...

WHERE  
DID I PUT THAT  
ANTI-VIRUS  
THING?

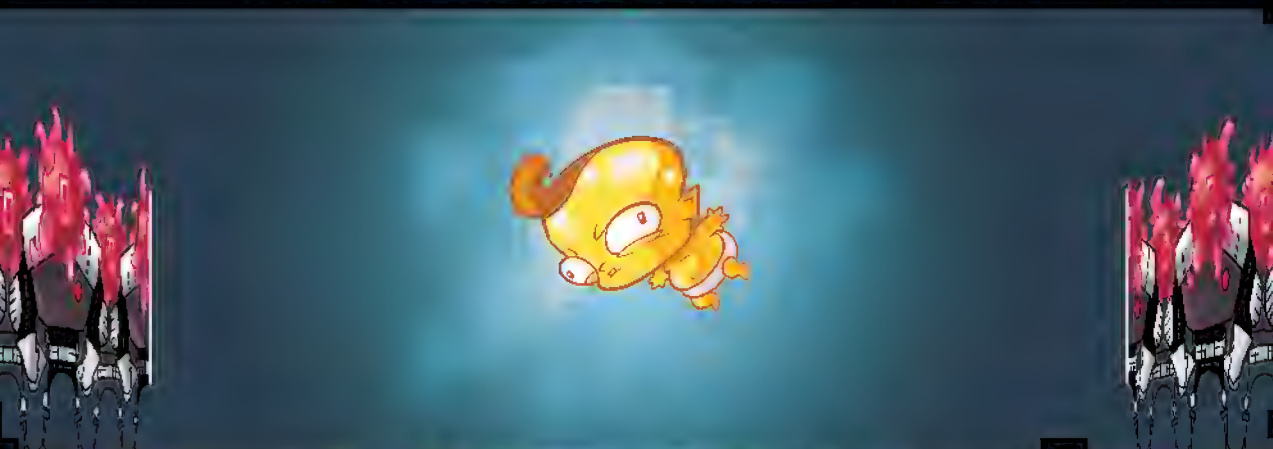
I KNEW WHEN YOU  
DETECTED ME IN  
YOUR SIR UNIT, YOU  
WOULD COME. AND I  
BROUGHT YOU HERE  
FOR A REASON.



SERIOUSLY,  
HOW MANY POCKETS  
DO I HAVE? DID HOK  
HAVE IT? THAT WOULD  
BE BAD.

AND THAT  
IS TO GIVE YOU  
THIS MESSAGE.

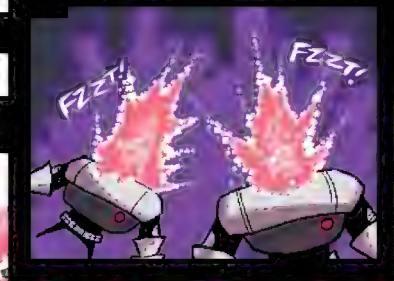












THE  
VIROOZ-CHILD-  
BEAST-PROGRAM-THING  
LEFT A MESSAGE  
FOR ZIM...

COME  
FIND ME  
COORDINATES  
THEY GAVE ME ARE 666P40235X



I  
WONDER  
WHAT IT  
MEANS?



"VIROOZ"  
WAS NOT THE  
VIRUS! VIROOZ IS A  
BEING! AND THAT BEING  
IS WAITING AT THESE  
COORDINATES!

182Y1P4LP4M 899Z 6861PP09.2355X

I ACCEPT  
YOUR CHALLENGE,  
VIROOZ! I ACCEPT  
YOUR—

I'M ALL  
BETTER!!

182Y1P4LP4M 899Z 6861PP09.2355X

delete!

Noooooooooooo!

bbweeoooo

Whaa!

WHAT?

Whaa!

Whaa!



# INVADER ZIM™



## CHAPTER: 3

The Arc of VIROOZ Part Three:  
The Shquark of VIROOZ

illustration by **Warren Wucnich**



GUH. GUHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH. HOW COME THESE ZIM COMICS DON'T COME OUT FASTER? Why do I have to wait? BLUUUUUGHHHH!!! Whoa, it's okay though, I rewatch the episodes over and over and over, HA HA! Sometimes when I'm walkin' to the mall I think of something funny GIR said and it makes me laugh!! GIR has ALL the best lines! (Remember, GIR is ZIM's S.I.R. unit that got messed up by the Tallest! OKAY???) GIR has really good lines in this issue, too! It's mostly about ZIM, searching for VIROOZ, but GIR says... GIR says some really REALLY funny stuff! I'm not gonna spoil it... nevermind I am... NOODLE! HAHANHHANHHNA HA HA NOODLE! When you get to that part, you're gonna-HAHANHHANA!





CYBERFLOX.

THE MOST DANGEROUS  
BLACK MARKET IN  
THE GALAXY.



NOT AS DANGEROUS  
AS ME! Z'IM!

BUT A MARKET OF  
VERY BAD THINGS! AT  
REASONABLE PRICES!

ALSO, THE SECRET HOME  
OF A BEING NAMED... VIROOZ!

VIROOZ?

VIROOZ?

SHNRRZRZ?





VIROOZ HAD LEFT ME  
COORDINATES IN A SECRET  
MESSAGE FROM A VIRUS  
HE PLANTED IN GIR'S HEAD.

WHAM!  
WHAM!  
WHAM!

WHICH GIR  
DELETED!

bweeeooooop

BLANK  
NOW!

bleep!

THEN I REMEMBERED  
WE HAVE AN "UNDO"  
BUTTON.

YOU KNOW WE  
HAVE AN "UNDO"  
BUTTON.

I KNEW  
THAT!

VIROOZ WANTED  
ME—ZIM!—TO FIND  
HIM ON CYBERFLOX.

BUT I WOULD  
TURN THE TABLES!

THIS WAS PERSONAL.  
VIROOZ HAD INFECTED  
GIR! AND I HAD TO SPEND  
A WHOLE AFTERNOON  
FIXING HIM!

ZIM'S  
NOT HERE,  
SWEETIE.

HE'S  
RIGHT  
THERE!

THAT'S  
NOT HERE.



AND SO I WENT! TO THE  
MOST DANGEROUS BLACK  
MARKET IN THE GALAXY.

NOW UNDER NEW  
MANAGEMENT. BUT  
I CARED NOT!

UNDER NEW  
MANAGEMENT?  
ZIM CARES  
NOT!

FITZOOOOOOOO!



OF COURSE VIROOZ WAS  
SETTING A TRAP. BUT ZIM  
WOULD TRAP VIROOZ FIRST!

CAN YOU  
DIRECT ME TO  
THE NEAREST  
DARK ALLEY?

KLARGA'S DARK  
ALLEY & CANDLES,  
BETWEEN THE FROZEN  
ORGAN HUT AND  
FOREVER LASERS.

INFORMATION

ASK ME!





WELCOME TO  
KLARGA'S DARK ALLEY AND  
CANDLES. ALL AUTUMN SCENTS  
ARE TEN PERCENT OFF.

**KLARGA'S**  
DARK ALLEY  
CANDLES

I HAVE THE  
ZOXOGOOGOX. GOOD  
THING WE HAVE A DARK  
ALLEY WHERE NO ONE  
CAN SEE US MAKE  
THIS DEAL.

JANITOR!  
COMING  
THROUGH!

DO YOU  
HAVE THE  
STUFF?

I HAVE  
THE STUFF. DO  
YOU HAVE THE  
GOODS?

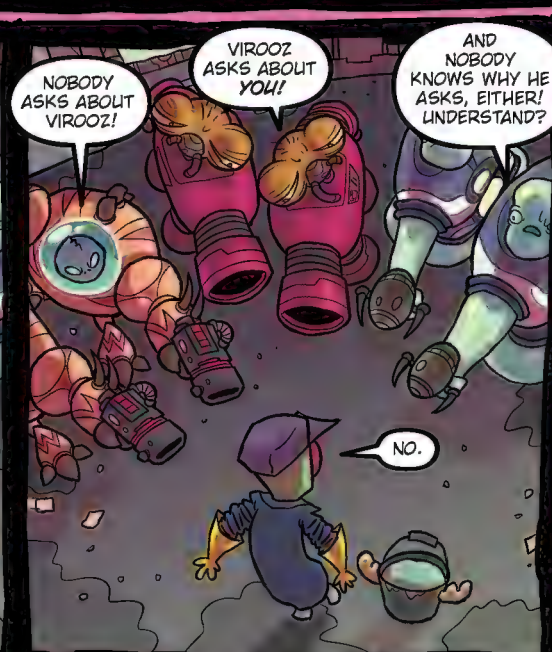
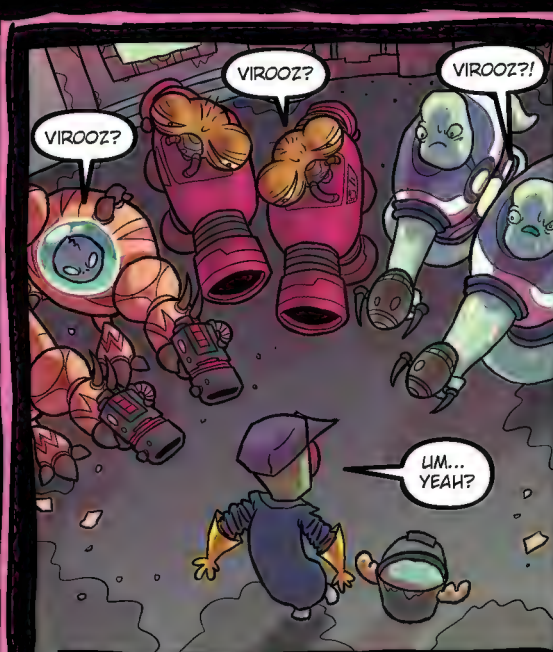
I HAVE  
THE GOODS.  
DO YOU HAVE THE  
ZOXOGOOGOX?

JUST A  
HUMBLE JANITOR.  
HERE TO JANIT THIS  
ALLEY HERE.

JANIT...  
JANIT... JANIT...

OH, AND BY THE  
WAY, DO ANY OF YOU  
KNOW WHERE I COULD  
FIND A BEING NAMED  
VIROOZ??







ANOTHER PIECE OF THE  
PUZZLE! BUT A PIECE  
SHAPED LIKE HALF A  
SHLOOB'S HEAD LOOKING  
UP ITS OWN SHLOOBNOSE.

SO I RETURNED  
TO MY BASE OF  
OPERATIONS TO  
SEE HOW IT FIT.

IT WAS A SMALL  
SPACE I RENTED BY  
PUTTING THE LANDLORD  
IN A BOX AND NOT  
LETTING HIM OUT.

HEY!  
LET ME  
OUT!

I WANTED TO FIND  
WHERE VIROOZ WAS.  
BUT VIROOZ WAS  
EVERYWHERE.  
YET NOBODY EVER  
SAW HIM.

WAIT! A  
CONNECTION?

NO. A  
NOODLE.

GIRL WHY IS  
THERE A NOODLE  
ON MY SCREEN?

IR DRRN  
KNRRR.

WHATEVER.  
WE'RE GOING TO GO  
CHECK THE BLOODSMOOTHIE  
PLACE THAT SUIT-LIZARD  
MENTIONED! MINIMOOSE,  
EMPTY YOURSELF!

MYEH.



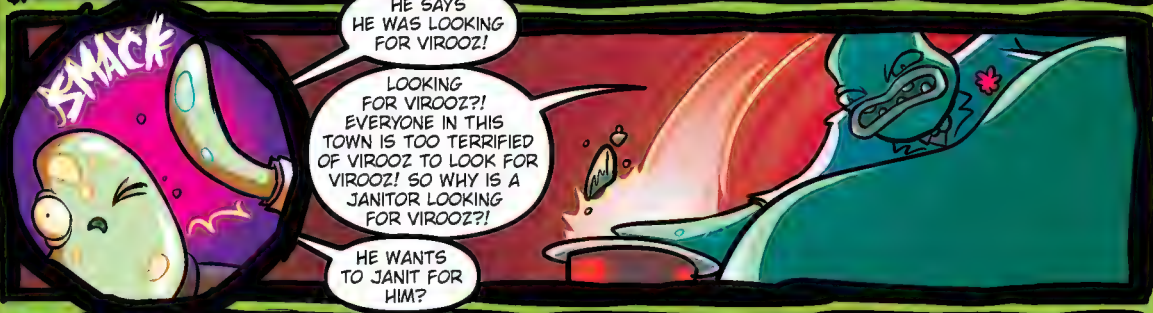


MY FAMILY  
STARTED WITH  
NOTHING. NOT EVEN  
ARMS! WE WERE AMOEBAS!  
AND WE BUILT THIS BUSINESS  
INTO ONE OF THE MEANEST  
CRIME FAMILIES ON  
CYBERFLOX.

SO YOU'RE  
TELLING ME YOU  
ALL GOT SHOT UP  
BY A JANITOR?



NO.  
WE SHOT EACH  
OTHER BECAUSE OF A  
JANITOR. THERE'S A  
DIFFERENCE.



HE SAYS  
HE WAS LOOKING  
FOR VIROOZ!

LOOKING  
FOR VIROOZ?!  
EVERYONE IN THIS  
TOWN IS TOO TERRIFIED  
OF VIROOZ TO LOOK FOR  
VIROOZ! SO WHY IS A  
JANITOR LOOKING  
FOR VIROOZ?!

HE WANTS  
TO JANIT  
FOR HIM?



OR HE'S  
A CRIME BOSS  
TRYING TO MUSCLE  
IN ON OUR  
TERRITORY.

HEY, WHAT  
IS OUR TERRITORY?  
DO WE HAVE A MAP,  
OR-?



JUST  
FIND HIM AND  
"EXPLAIN" THINGS  
TO HIM. **WITH  
VIOLENCE!**

NOT  
WORDS,  
OKAY?





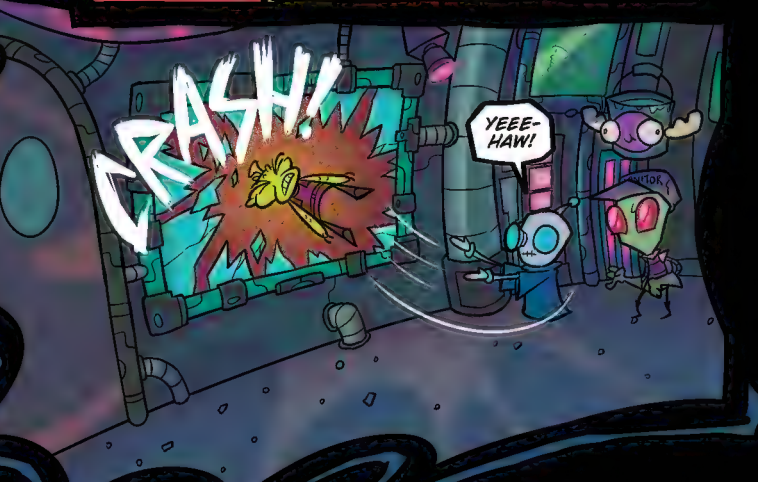
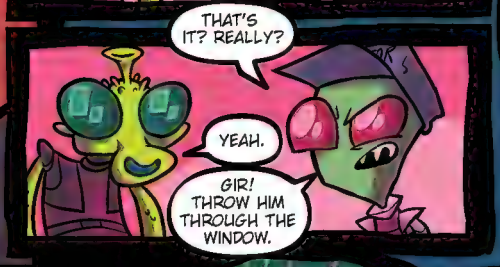
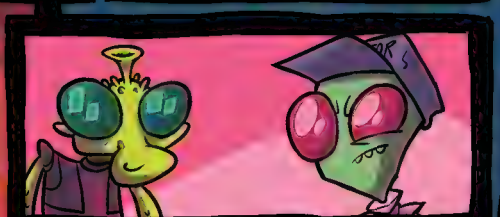
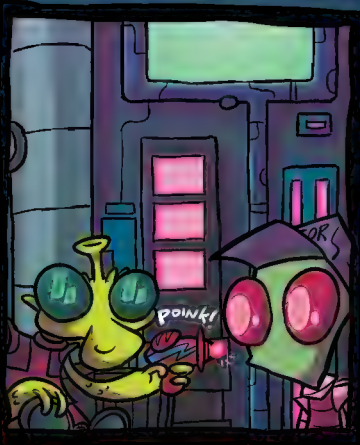
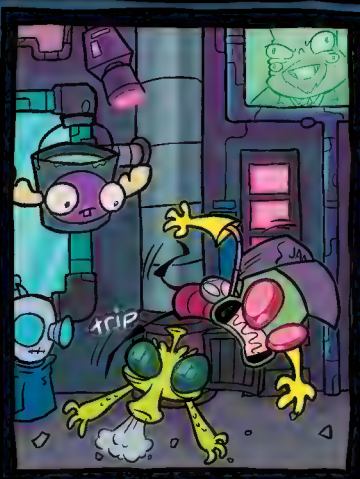
LOOK BORED AND MAKE PEOPLE FEEL AWKWARD?

















BOMBS 'N' GLASS 'B' US

EXCUSE ME...

YES? IS THERE ANYTHING YOU'D LIKE TO ASK ABOUT?

SHARP

SCULPTURE

TNT!

POINTY GLASS

BOMBS 'N' GLASS 'B' US

ER...

NO.

KNICE

HAPPY SPLODE

VIROOOOOOOOZ!

KNICE  
KNIVES

HAPPY SPLODE

HEEEHEEE-  
HEEEEEEEEEEE!





I'VE CALLED  
THIS MEETING OF ALL  
THE CRIME BOSSSES IN THE  
AREA TO DISCUSS THIS  
MYSTERIOUS  
"JANITOR."

I'M NOT  
A CRIME BOSS, I  
MANAGE THE COOKIE  
BUNKER.

YOU  
CAN GO.



WE OFFER  
TEN PERCENT OFF  
ALL COOKIES FOR  
CRIME BOSSSES!

GET  
OUT!



THIS  
SO-CALLED  
"JANITOR" HAS BEEN  
TURNING ALL THE  
MOBSTERS IN THIS  
MALL AGAINST  
EACH OTHER.



OR... IS IT  
POSSIBLE WE'RE  
ALL JUST A BUNCH OF  
TRIGGER-HAPPY HOT-  
HEADS?

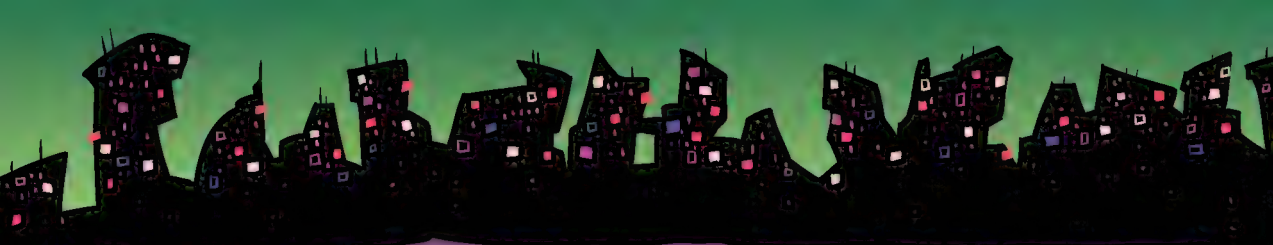


BLAM!

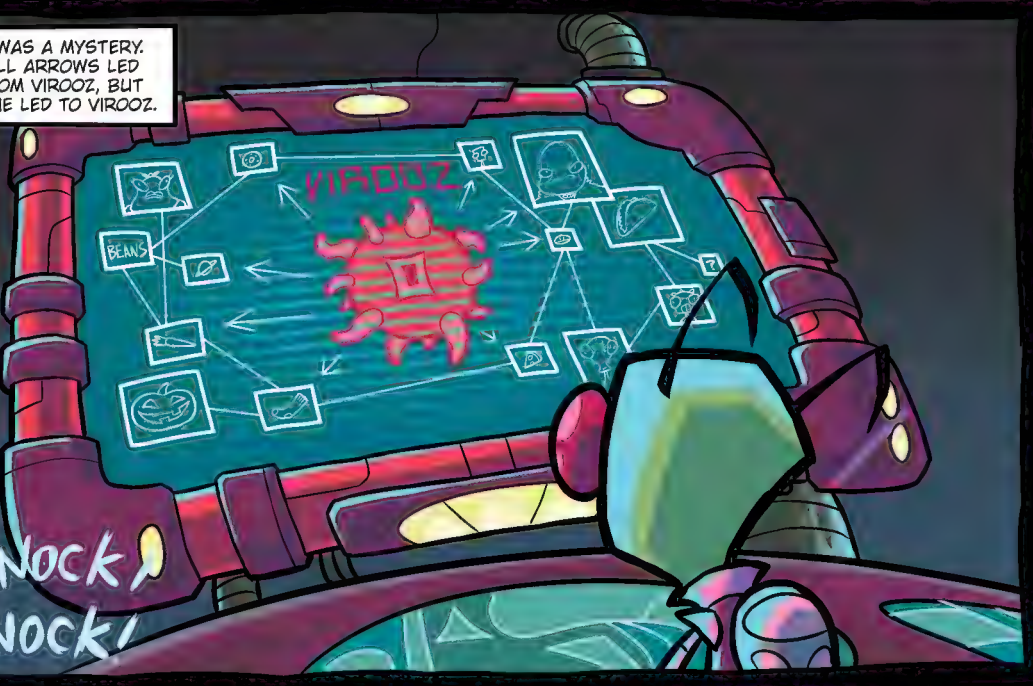


I DON'T  
WANT FACTS! I  
WANT SOLUTIONS!  
GET THAT  
JANITOR!





IT WAS A MYSTERY.  
ALL ARROWS LED  
FROM VIROOZ, BUT  
NONE LED TO VIROOZ.



KNOCK!  
KNOCK!

KNOCK!  
KNOCK!

WAS THAT THE KEY?  
I NEEDED MORE  
INFORMATION!

CAN I  
PLEASE GET  
OUT NOW?

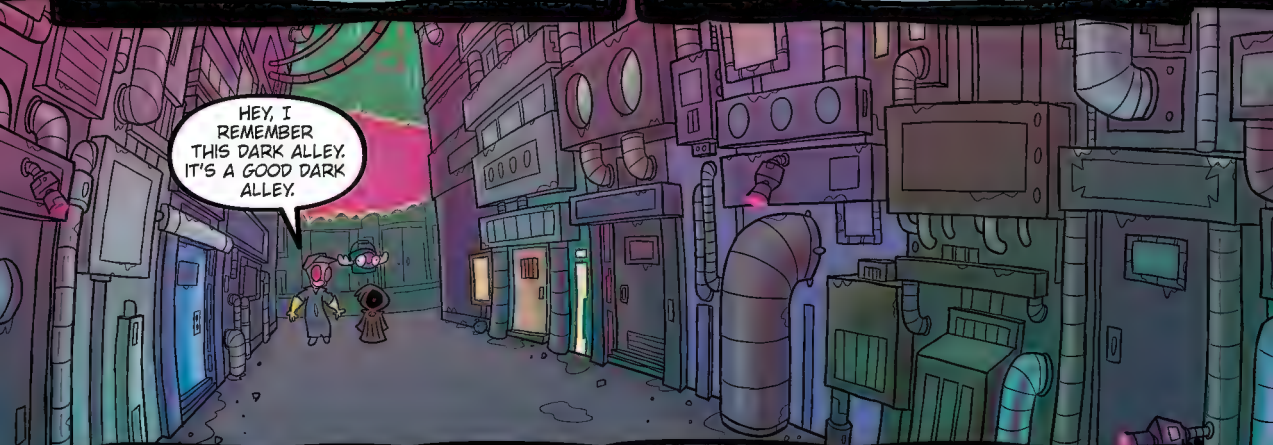
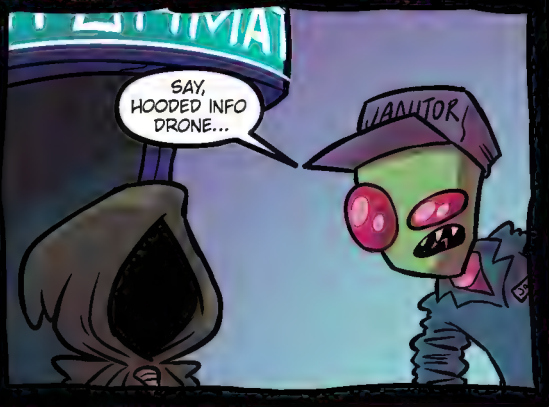


KNOCK!  
KNOCK!

COME,  
GIR! MINIMOOSE!  
I NEED MORE  
INFORMATION!



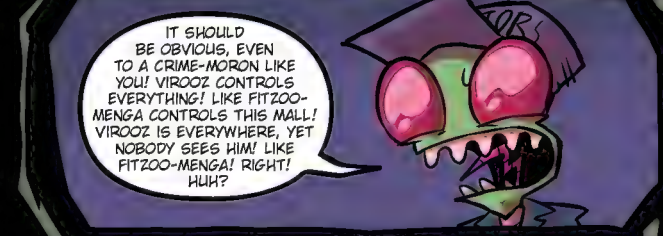




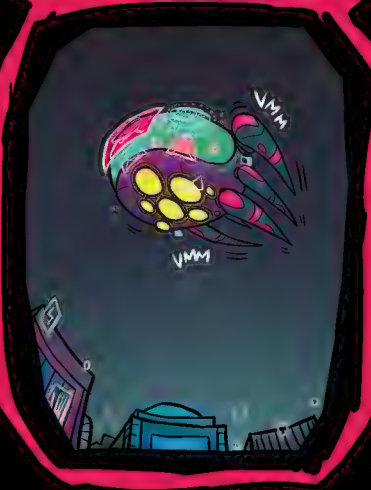
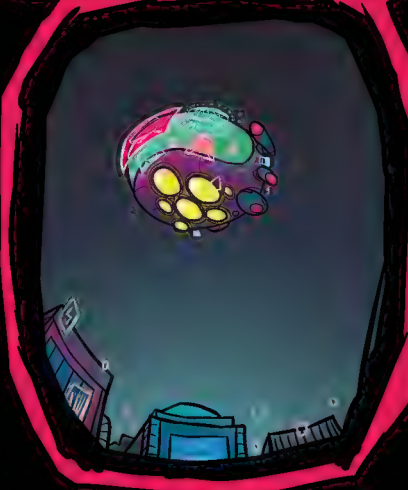
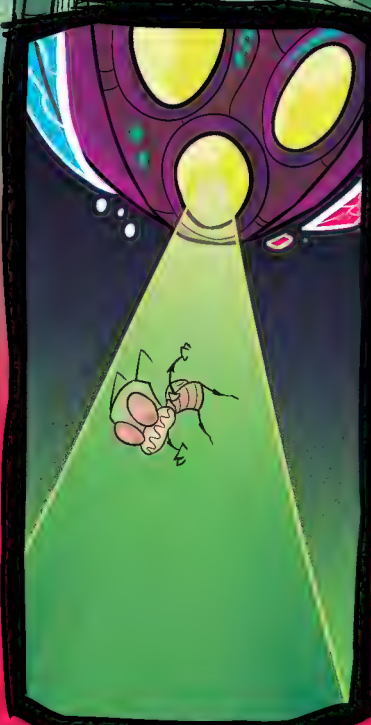




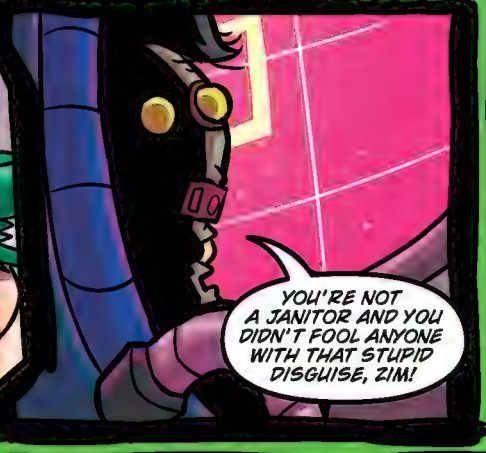
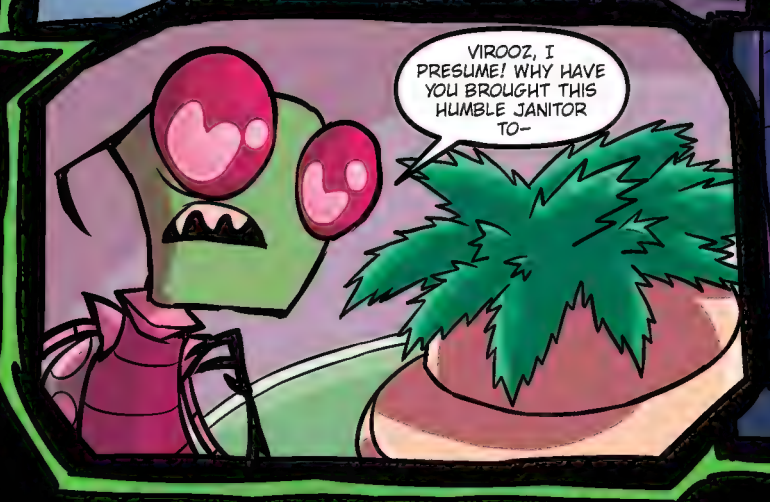




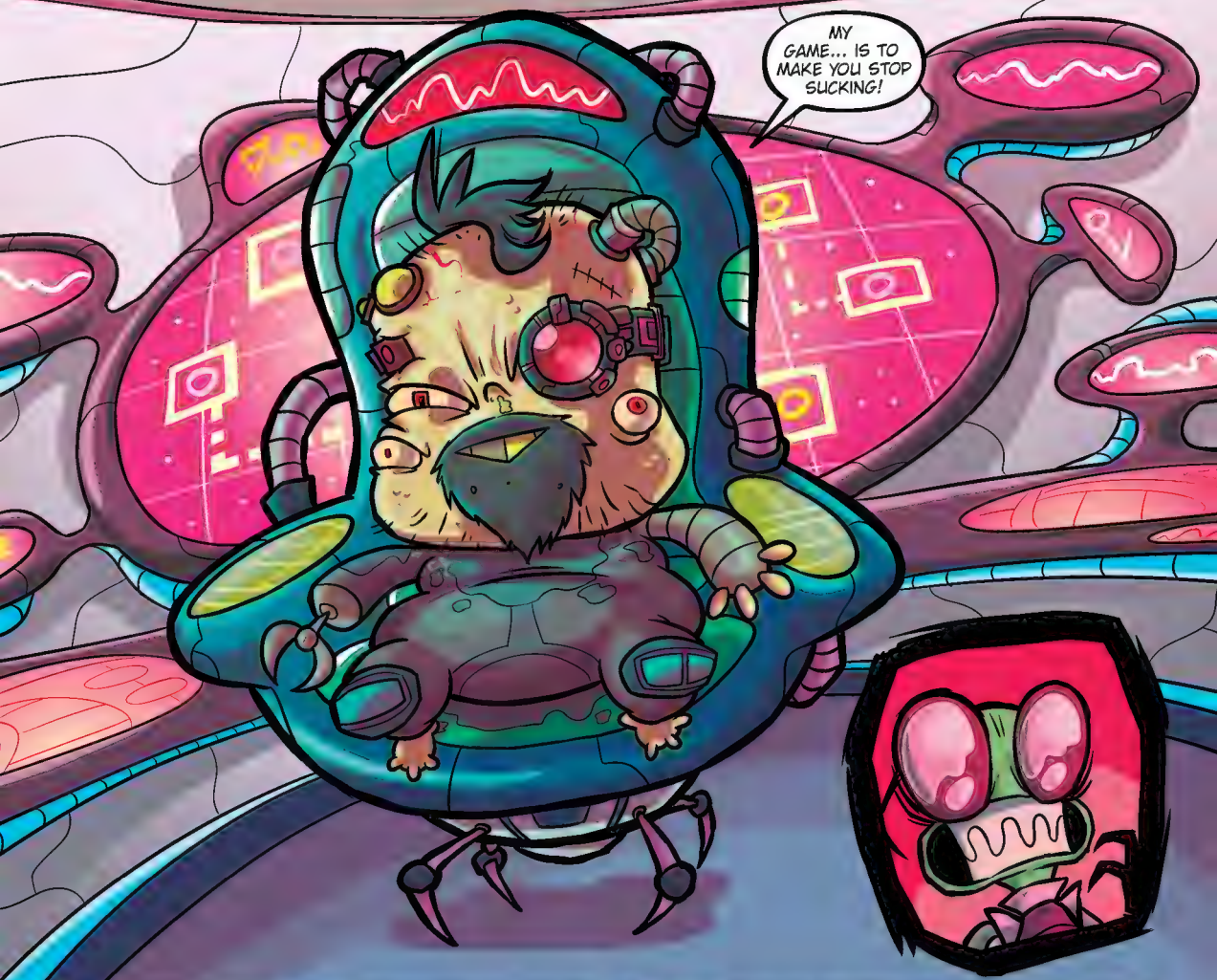
















HEY!  
IS ZIM  
HERE?

JUST  
MISSED  
HIM.

AWWWW,  
MAN! I'M GOING  
HOME!



# INVADER ZIM



## CHAPTER: 4

The Arc of VIROOZ Part Four:  
The Ruse of VIROOZ

illustration by **Warren Wucnich**



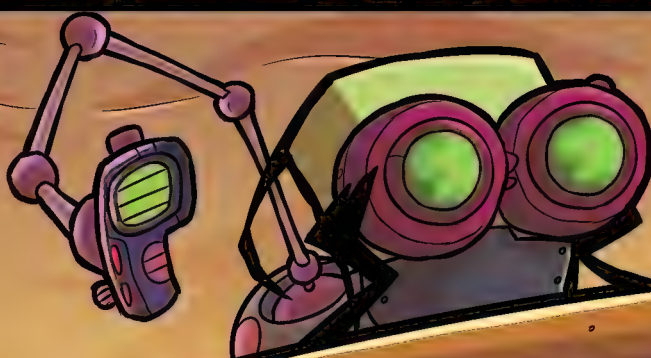
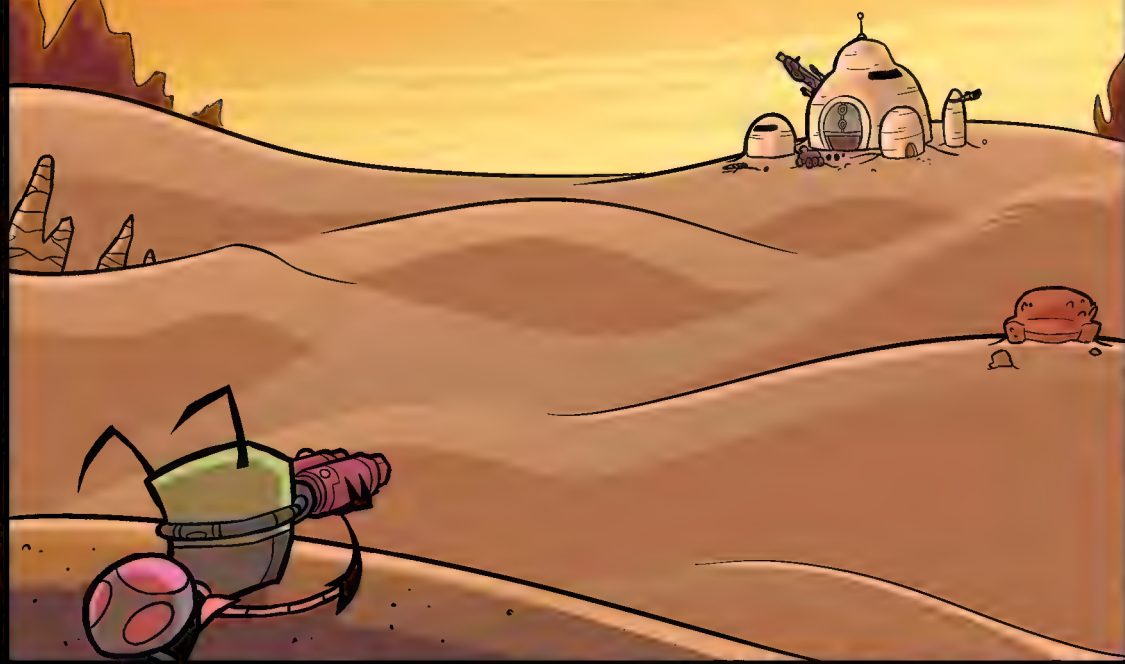
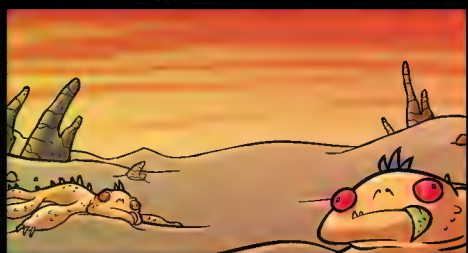
WOW EVERYONE! This is it! This is the last issue about ZIM and VIROOZ!  
ARE YOU READY? I'M NOT READYAAAAAGGGGGH!!! It was only  
LAST ISSUE that we found out virooz is actually Fitzoo-Mengd, a super  
rich alien guy who owns an entire planet! ZIM went to go find him on Cyberflox  
and got kidnapped by him, and now something else is gonna happen! AND THAT  
THING IS... I DON'T KNOW! HAHAAHA! SHEESH! I haven't even started  
reading yet!!! HAVE YOU??? I HOPE NOT! Because WHY WOULD YOU READ  
THE ISSUE BEFORE I tell you ALL THE THINGS THAT ALREADY HAPPENED?  
Always remember: Recap Kid comes first! And that's ME!! I'M Recap Kid! Okay?  
DON'T YOU EVER FORGET IT! okay NOW go read it!





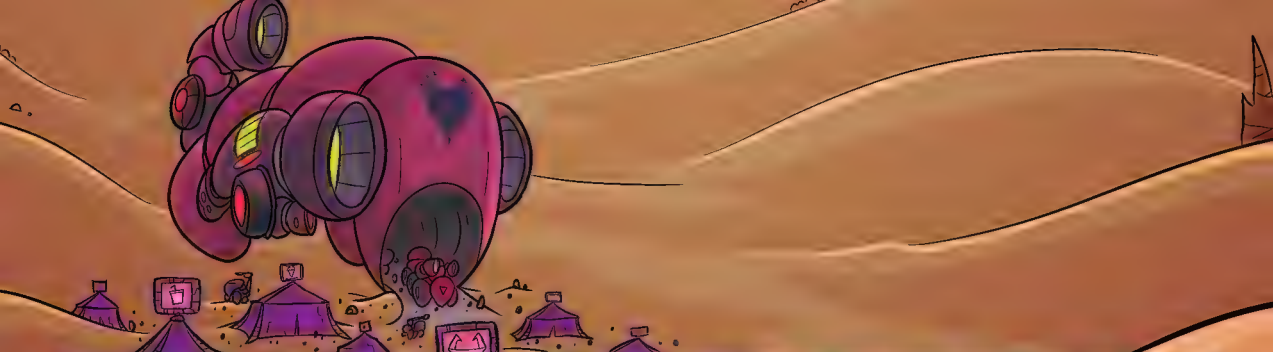
PLANET DOOQ.

MANY YEARS AGO.



SCOUT TO  
DOOMHAULER BASE.  
THE DOOQ FORCES  
HAVE NO IDEA WE ARE  
HERE. THEY ARE  
CODE-SIX IDEA-LESS.  
OVER.





...AND, AS PRIVATE SOX IS SHOWING US, ROOKIES, **THAT** IS WHY YOU NEVER DETACH YOUR PAK! THE PAK IS ALL THAT YOU ARE AS AN IRKEN! IT CONTAINS YOUR MEMORIES.

AND EMERGENCY DIRECTIONS TO THE NEAREST SNACK STOCKPILE.

THERE YOU GO, PRIVATE SOX.

NEUROTHING ON!

REATTACHMENT PROTOCOL.

NOW, PLANET DOOR IS OF **VITAL IMPORTANCE** TO THE IRKEN EMPIRE BECAUSE OF IT'S NATURALLY-GROWING COUCHES. THE MOST RELIABLE SOURCE OF COMFORT IN THE GALAXY.

**WE MUST CONTROL THE COMFORT!**

BUT BEFORE WE ATTACK, WE NEED A DISTRACTION.





YOU!  
INVADER-IN-TRAINING  
ZIM!

YES,  
COMMANDER  
POKI!!!

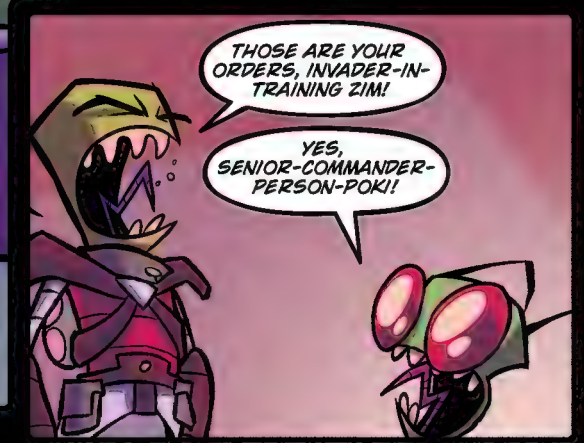


SNEAK TO THE  
BACK SIDE OF THE DOOGBASE  
AND DETONATE A SMALL PARCEL  
OF MINIBOOMS. IT WILL DISTRACT  
THE DOOQTROOPS AS WE WILL  
ATTACK FROM THE  
FRONT.

THAT'S  
IT?

YES.

BUT I  
COULD DO  
SOOOOOOOO  
MUCH MORE.



THOSE ARE YOUR  
ORDERS, INVADER-IN-  
TRAINING ZIM!

YES,  
SENIOR-COMMANDER-  
PERSON-POKI!



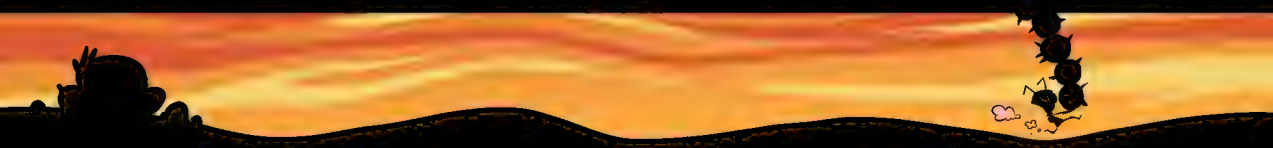
USE  
TEENY-WEENY  
MINIBOOMS TO CREATE  
A "DISTRACTION."  
**BORING!**



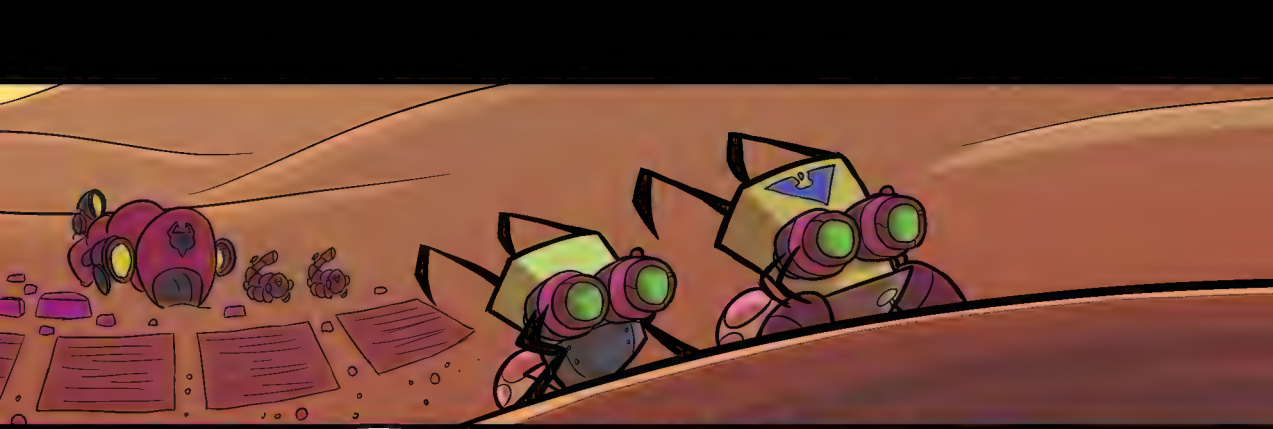
MINIBOOMS...



OR...  
GIGABOOMS!  
HMMMMMM...









NOW.

THAT WAS  
**AMAZENESS**, MAAAAAN!  
THE WAY YOU BLEW UP THAT  
DOORBASE? **SICK!** AND YOUR  
**FIRST MISSION**, TOO!

OF ALL  
YOUR VIDEOS THAT  
I HACKED FROM THE  
IRKEN MILITARY ARCHIVES,  
THAT IS DEFINITELY TOP  
THREE.

WELL,  
TOP FIVE.

IF YOU DON'T  
INCLUDE THAT THING WITH  
ELECTRO-SLUGS AND THE  
RUBBER SHORTS. THAT WAS  
**KILLER**, MAAAAAN!

SO YOU'RE  
A FAN OF MY  
WORK. GREAT.  
SO AM I. LET  
ME GO.

FAN? MAN,  
I AM LIKE **ALL OVER** YOUR  
WORK! I MEAN, YEAH, BY DAY,  
I'M FITZOO-MENGA, HIGH-TECH  
QUADRILLIONAIRE GENIUS. BUT  
AT NIGHT, I AM **TOTES INTO**  
YOUR STUFF!

AND  
STICKING  
CYBER-THINGS  
ON YOUR HIDEOUS  
BODY, IT  
SEEMS.

YEAH, I  
LOOK NOTHING  
LIKE THE  
PHOTOS.



I DON'T EVEN  
NEED THIS HOVER-CHAIR.  
I JUST THINK IT'S  
COOL.

HEY,  
UNLIMITED PILES  
OF MONEY DOES  
WEIRD THINGS TO  
EVERYONE.

WELL,  
FITZOO--

CALL ME  
VIROOZ! IT'S WHO  
I REALLY AM  
INSIDE.

WELL,  
VIROOZ--

VIROOZ GOT  
YOUR ATTENTION BY  
GETTING GIR TO  
ATTACK YOU!

WELL,  
VIROOZ--

VIROOZ LED  
YOU INSIDE GIR'S  
PROGRAMMING TO  
GIVE YOU THE  
COORDINATES  
TO CYBERFLOX!

WELL,  
VIROOZ--

THEN VIROOZ  
WATCHED YOUR EVERY  
MOVE ON MALL SECURITY  
CAMs!

WELL,  
VIROOZ--

AND VIROOZ  
GRABBED YOU WHEN  
YOU FIGURED OUT  
THE TRUTH!

**I AM  
VIROOOOOOZ!**

WELL,  
VIROOZ!!!! IF  
YOU WILL STOP BLOWING  
YOUR WORD-HOLE!!!! **WHY AM  
I HERE?** DO YOU WANT MY  
AUTOGRAPH?

NO WAY,  
MAAAAAN!  
YOU'RE **TERRIBLE**  
NOW!

**TERRIBLE?!**





EVER SINCE YOU'VE BEEN ON EARTH, YOU'VE GONE TOTALLY DOWN-HILL! SQUISHING EARTH WITH MARS? WHAT IS *THAT*? OR THAT BOLOGNA SERUM? AND WHAT'S WITH THE BIG-HEADED KID! WHO CARES ABOUT HIM?!

ALL RIGHT--

OH, AND YOUR LAST PLAN? POISON THE ATMOSPHERE WITH *CHEEZO DUST*? LAME! WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME YOU USED SOME *SICK GIGABOOMS*, MAAAAAN?

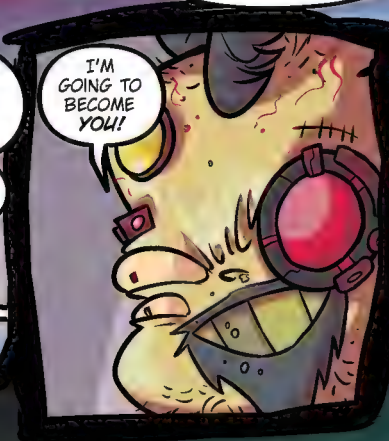


MY GENIUS IS BEYOND YOUR UNDERSTANDING! BUT I WILL TAKE YOUR FEEDBACK...

...AND IGNORE IT. NOW LET ME GO!

NUH-UH! SEE, I KNOW HOW TO FIX YOUR SLUMP.

I'M GOING TO BECOME YOU!

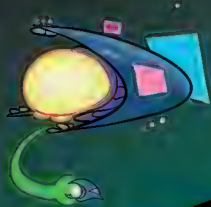


WHAAAAAT?

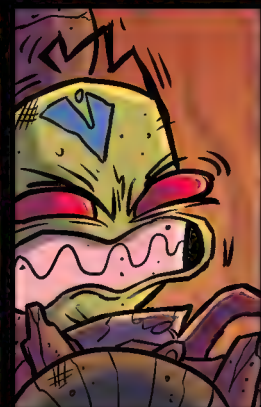
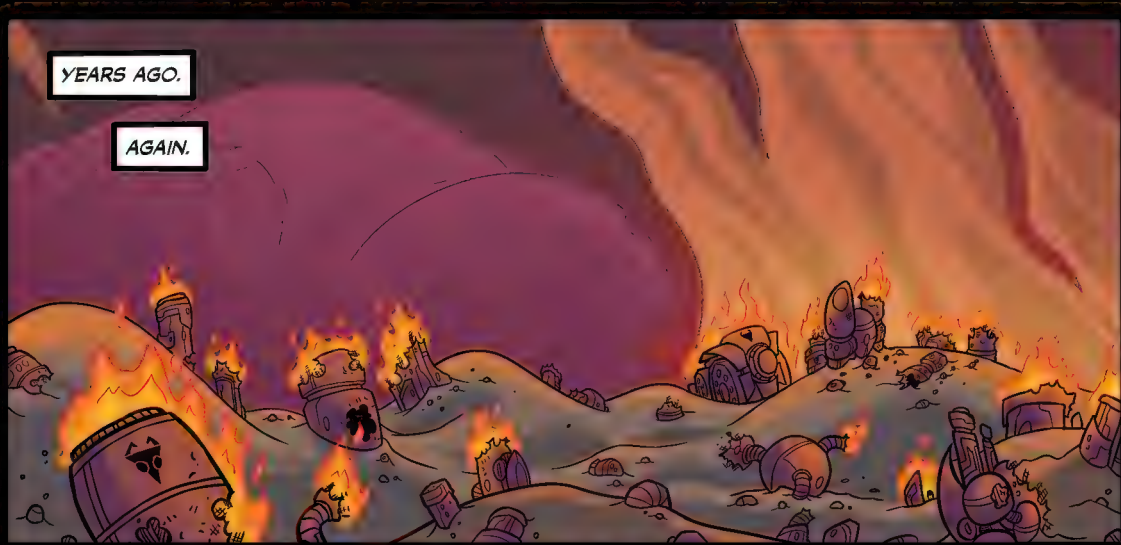


OH LOOK, WE'RE HERE!

PLANET DOOQ!









NOW.

AGAIN.

DO YOU  
KNOW WHAT  
THIS IS?

TERRIBLE?

MY  
VERSION OF  
AN IRKEN PAK. I  
DESIGNED IT!

YOU  
DESIGNED IT  
TERRIBLE.

COME ON,  
MAAAAN! IT DOES  
EVERYTHING THE IRKEN  
PAK DOES. HOLDS YOUR  
PERSONALITY. CONTROLS  
A BODY. PLUS FULL-  
SURROUND  
SPEAKERS!

click

SO YOU  
WANT ME TO  
ENDORSE  
IT?

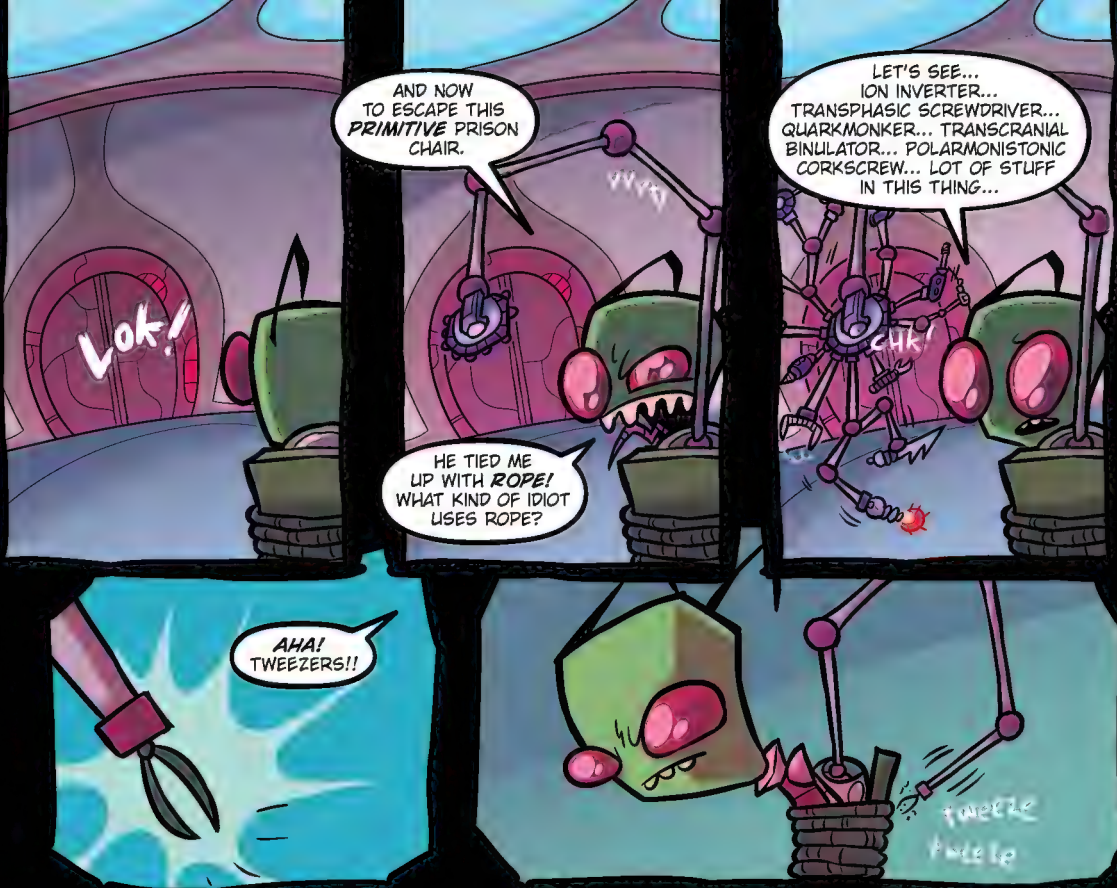
NOPE. I'M  
GOING TO DUMP  
MY MIND IN IT... AND  
ATTACH IT TO  
YOUR BODY!

WHAAAAT?  
NEVER!

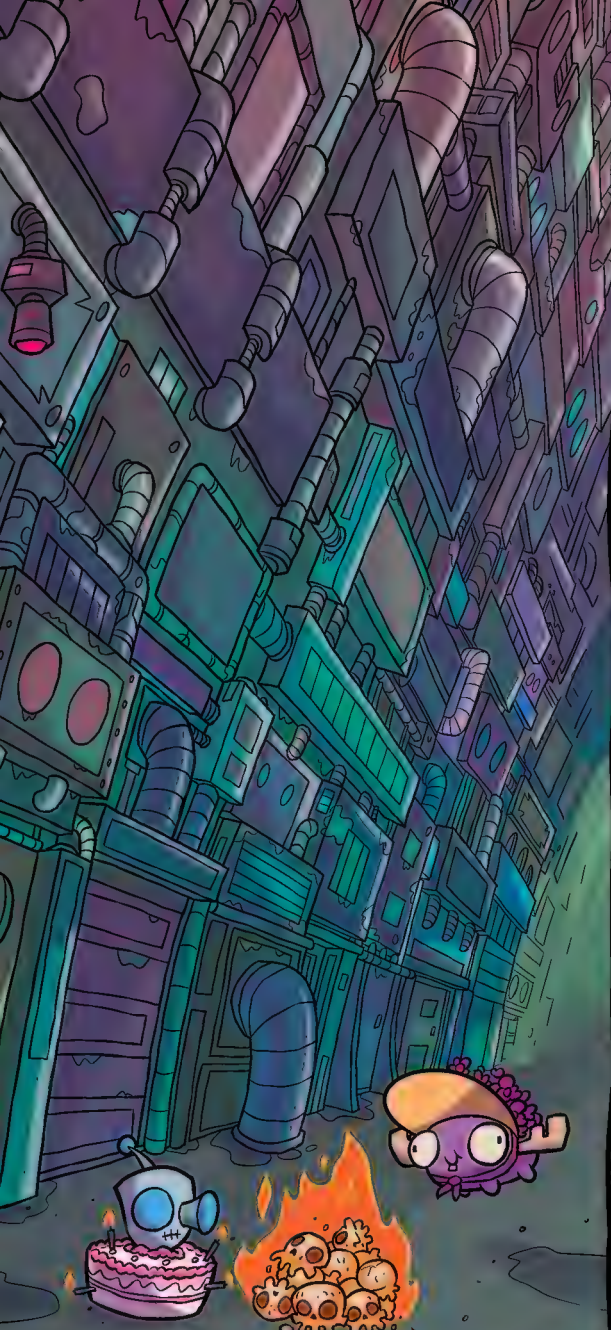
JUST WAIT  
HERE,  
DULUUUDE,  
WHILE I GET JUST  
ONE SICK THING FROM  
THE WRECKAGE!

COMPUTER,  
LOCK THE HATCH.









GIR!  
IT'S AN  
EMERGENCY!  
I NEED YOU  
TO—

WHAT  
ARE YOU  
DOING?

I'M A  
BIRTHDAY  
CAKE!

OH-H-H-KAY.  
I NEED YOU TO  
GET THE SHIP AND GET  
TO MY COORDINATES  
IMMEDIATELY!  
UNDERSTAND?

YES, MY  
MASTER!

ZIM  
OUT!

I MEAN  
NOW!

OOOOHHHHHH.

COME 'ERE,  
SHIP!!

**BOOM**

WE GOIN' TO  
SPAAAAACE!

MYEH.



THE DOOR IS  
LOCKED! SO I SHALL  
ESCAPE THROUGH THE  
VENTILATION DUCTS!!

DUM ♪ DOO-  
DOO  
DUM!

DUM ♪  
DUN

DOO ♪  
DUN!

ESCAPING  
THROUGH  
THE DUCTS!!

DUHH-~  
DOO!!  
DUZÜH!!

AHA!  
FREEDOM!



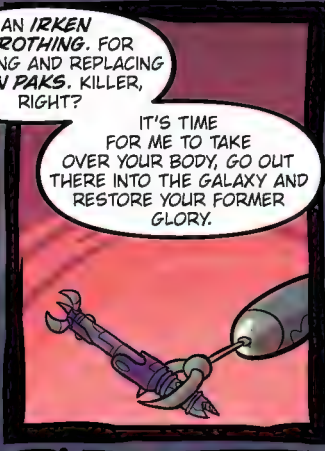
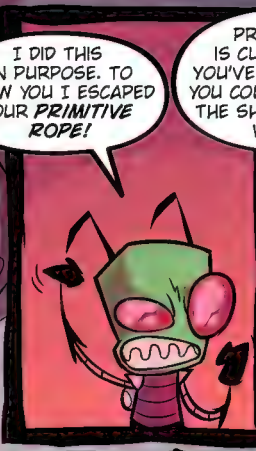
OH HEY,  
DUUUUUUDE! TRYING  
TO GET AWAY?  
EPIC FAIL!

I DID THIS  
ON PURPOSE. TO  
SHOW YOU I ESCAPED  
YOUR **PRIMITIVE  
ROPE!**

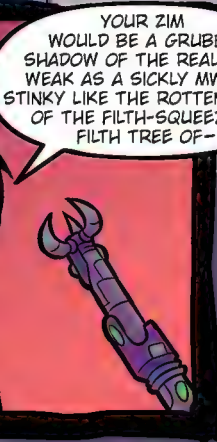
PRIMITIVE? ROPE  
IS CLASSIC, MAAAAAN!  
YOU'VE GOTTEN SO LAME,  
YOU COULDN'T EVEN LEAVE  
THE SHIP. BUT HEY, LOOK  
WHAT I GOT!

AN **IRKEN  
NEUROTHING**. FOR  
DETACHING AND REPLACING  
**IRKEN PAKS**. KILLER,  
RIGHT?

IT'S TIME  
FOR ME TO TAKE  
OVER YOUR BODY, GO OUT  
THERE INTO THE GALAXY AND  
RESTORE YOUR FORMER  
GLORY.



YOU WILL  
NEVER BE ZIM!  
I AM ZIM!



YOUR ZIM  
WOULD BE A GRUBBY  
SHADOW OF THE REAL ZIM,  
WEAK AS A SICKLY MWEEP,  
STINKY LIKE THE ROTTEN FRUIT  
OF THE FILTH-SQUEEZING  
FILTH TREE OF--



FZZP!



PING



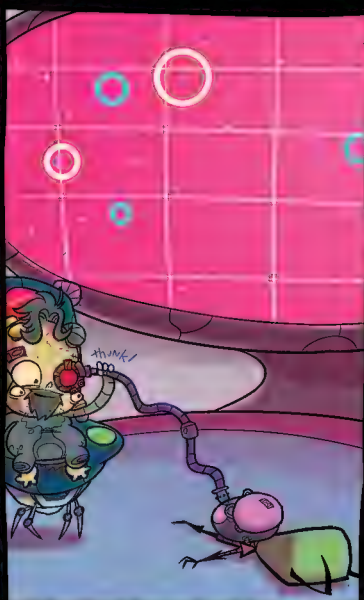
thump

EVEN YOUR  
SPEECHES GOT  
DUMB.



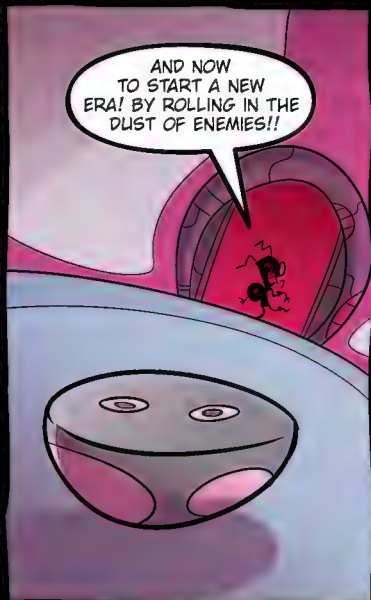
WHUMP!



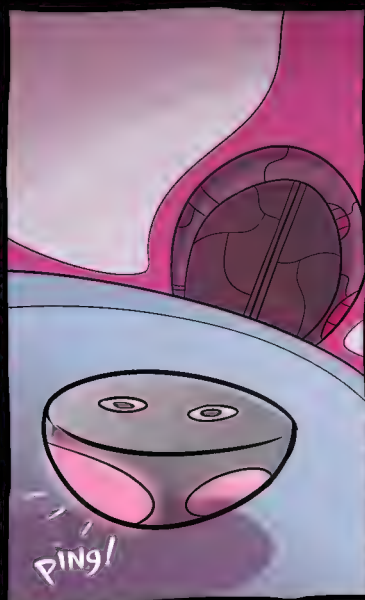




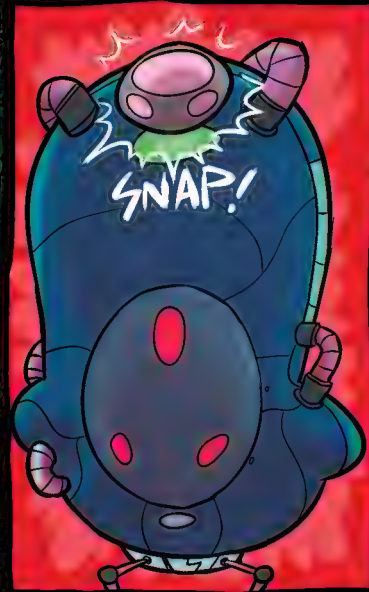
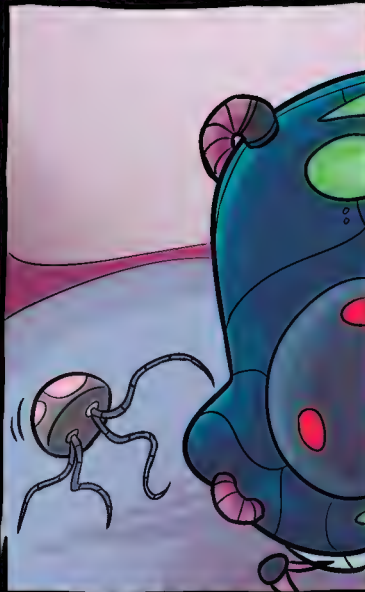
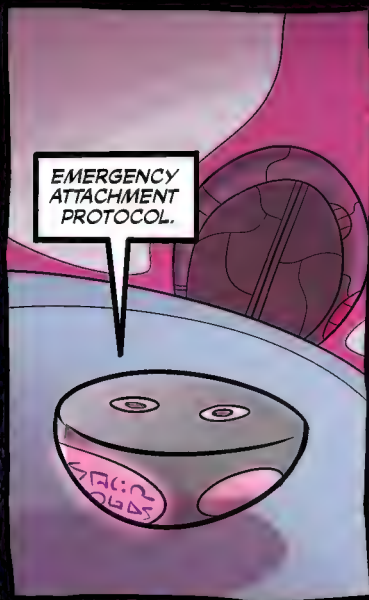
AND NOW  
TO START A NEW  
ERA! BY ROLLING IN THE  
DUST OF ENEMIES!!



PING!



EMERGENCY  
ATTACHMENT  
PROTOCOL.



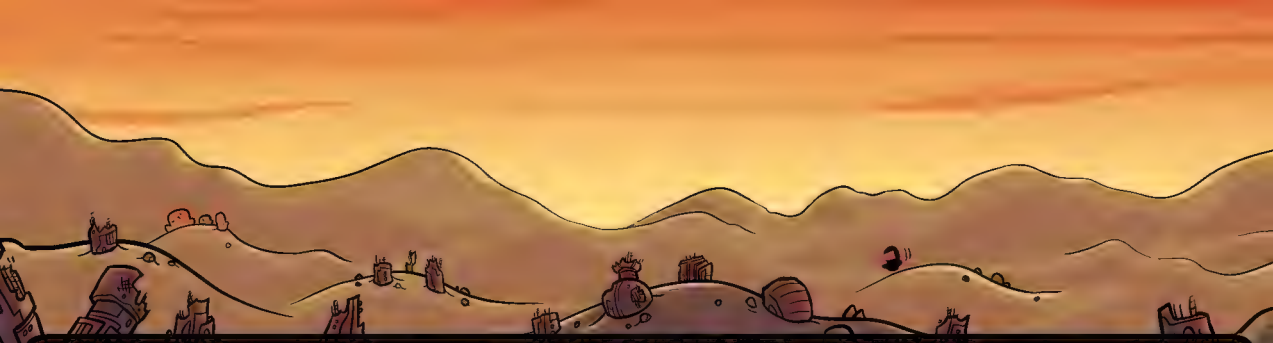
YOU CANNOT  
DEFEAT ME, VIROOZ! I  
ACTIVATED THE EMERGENCY  
ATTACHMENT PROTOCOL AND  
ATTACHED TO... A CHAIR?!  
I'M A CHAIR NOW.  
GREAT.



NO MATTER!  
CHAIRZIM WILL  
TRIUMPH!







YEARS AGO AGAIN.

AGAIN.



SO...  
PRAISE ME  
NOW!

YOU  
ARE THE  
WORST!



INVADER!



EVER!

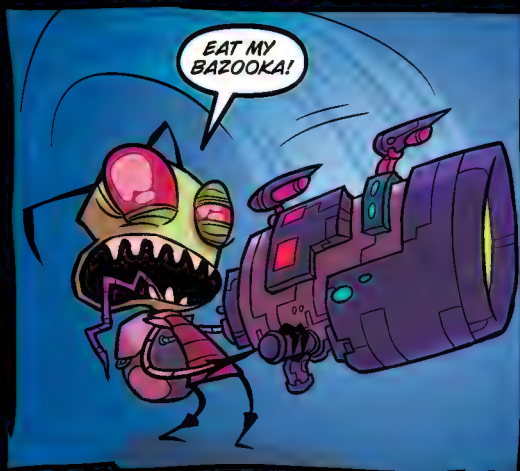


NOW AGAIN.

AGAIN.

NOW THESE  
ARE SOME REAL  
WEAPONS!

VIROOZ!  
GIVE ME BACK  
MY BODY!

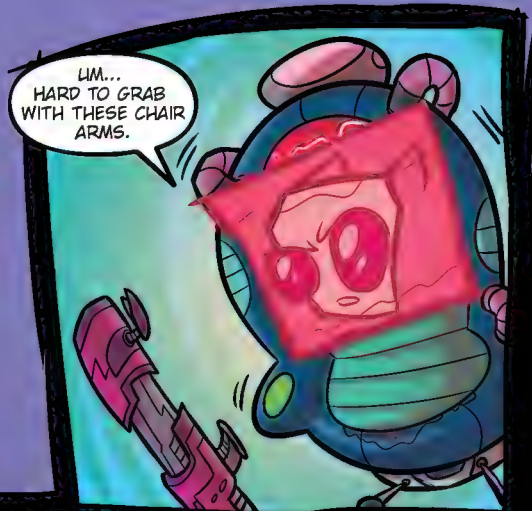


EAT MY  
BAZOOKA!

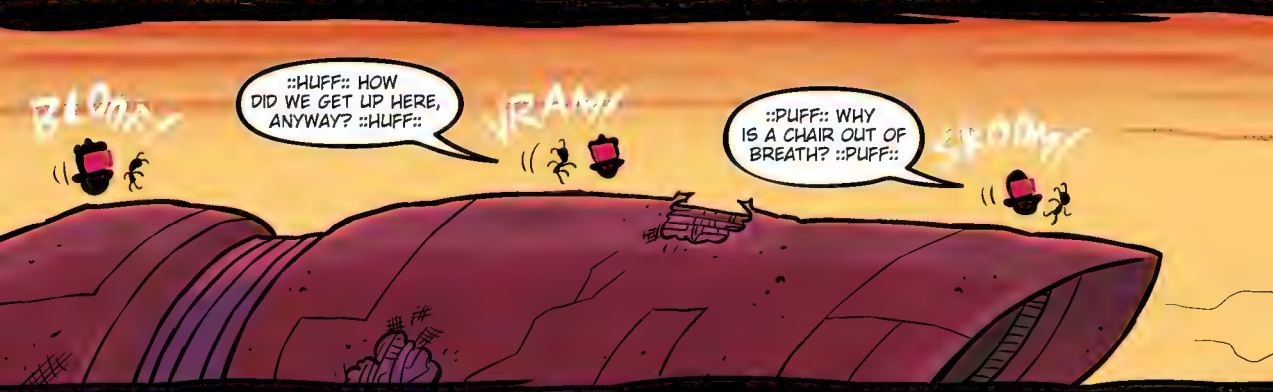
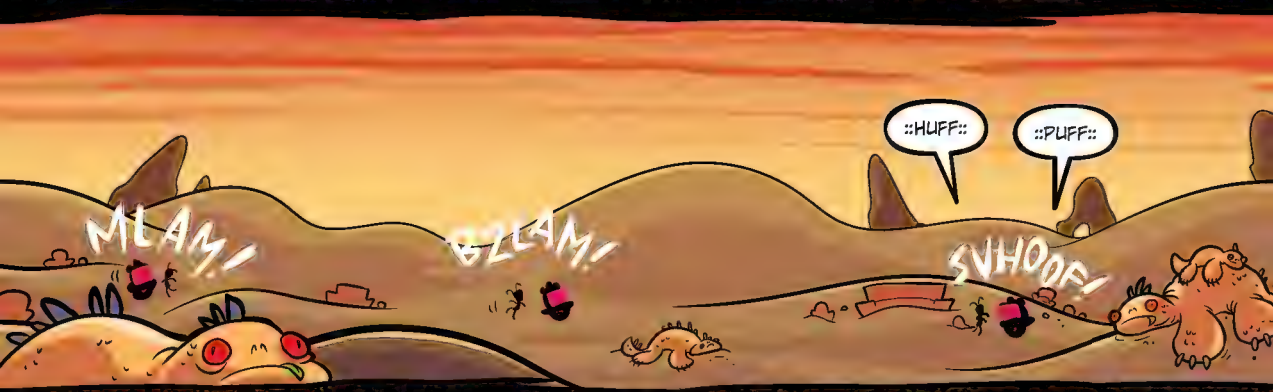
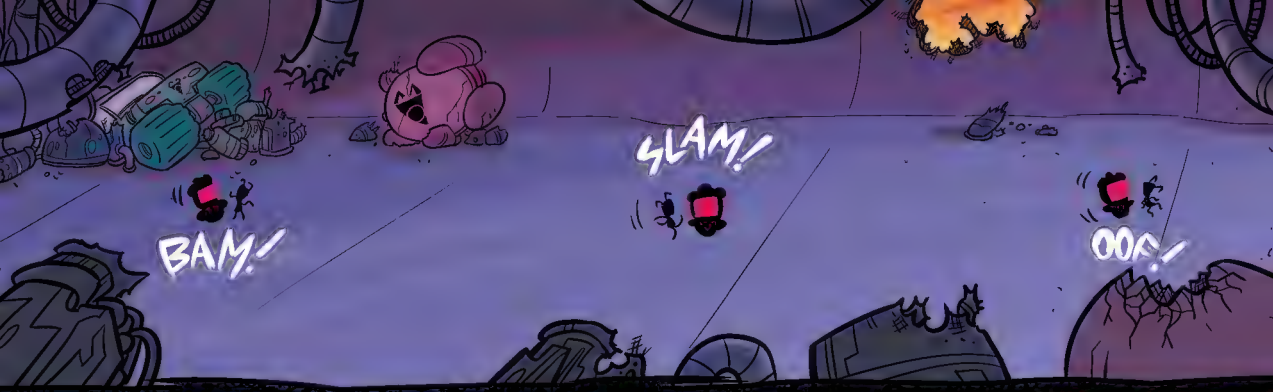


WHOOOPS.  
DON'T HAVE THE  
HANG OF THE NEW  
LIMBS YET.













GIVE ME  
BACK MY BODY!

WHY? SO  
YOU CAN JUST KEEP  
BEING PATHETIC WITH IT?  
YOU'RE THE WORST  
INVADER EVER!

OH, I'VE  
HEARD THAT  
BEFORE!

YEARS AGO.

(You get it.)

YOU ARE  
THE...

...WORST!  
INVADER! EVER!



NAAAAHHHHH!!



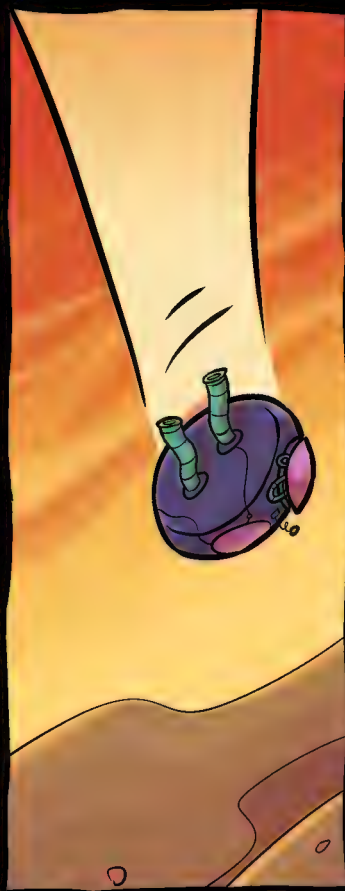
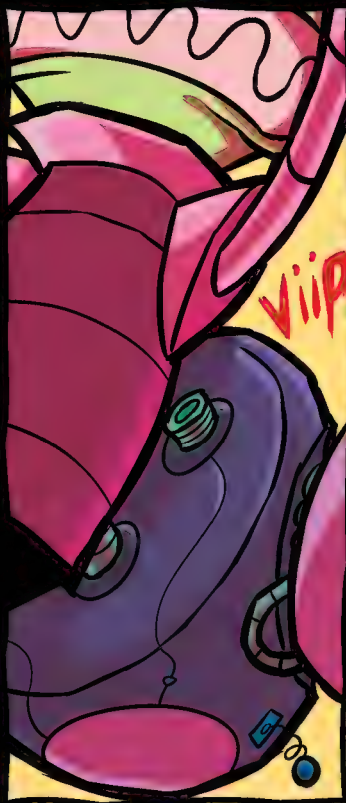
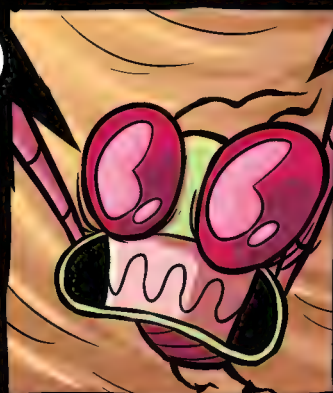
NOW!!!



NAAAAHHHHH!!









*I  
AM Z/M!!  
AGAIN!!*



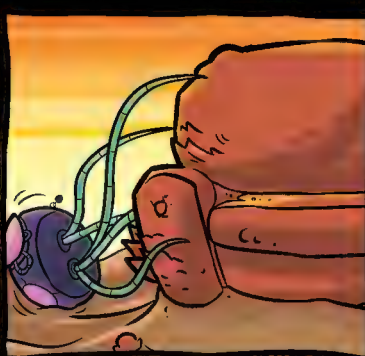




::SNIFF::  
UCK.  
I SMELL LIKE  
QUADRILLIONAIRE.



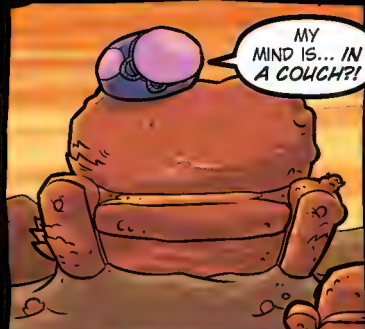
EMERGENCY  
ATTACHMENT  
PROTOCOL!



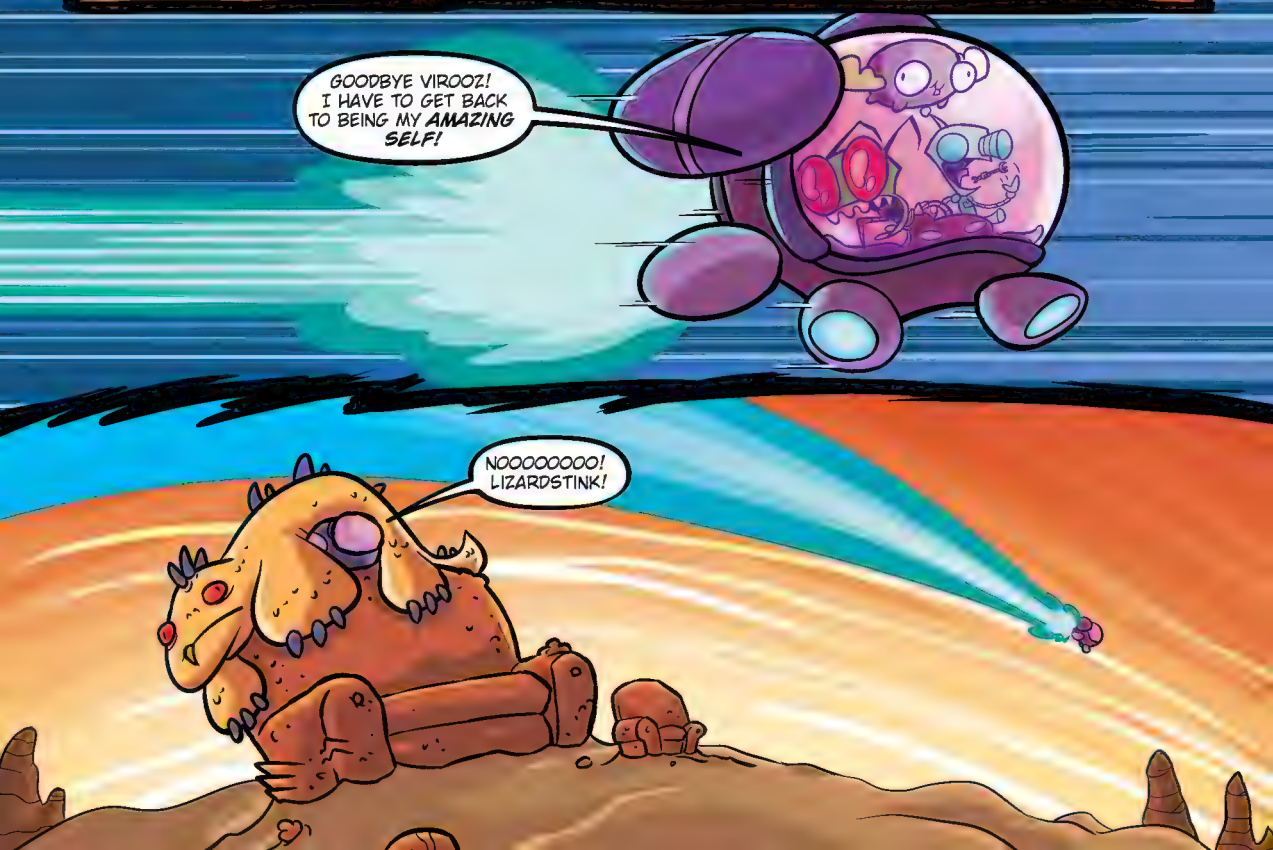
shlurp!



WHERE  
AM I?



MY  
MIND IS... IN  
A COUCH?!



GOODBYE VIROOZ!  
I HAVE TO GET BACK  
TO BEING MY AMAZING  
SELF!

NOOOOOOOO!  
LIZARDSTINK!





I DON'T  
KNOW HOW YOU  
GOT YOUR HANDS ON  
AN ANTI-MATTER SPACE  
HIPPO, ZIM, BUT I WILL  
STOP YOU!!

BWAAAAH!!!

I AM  
SO AWESOME.

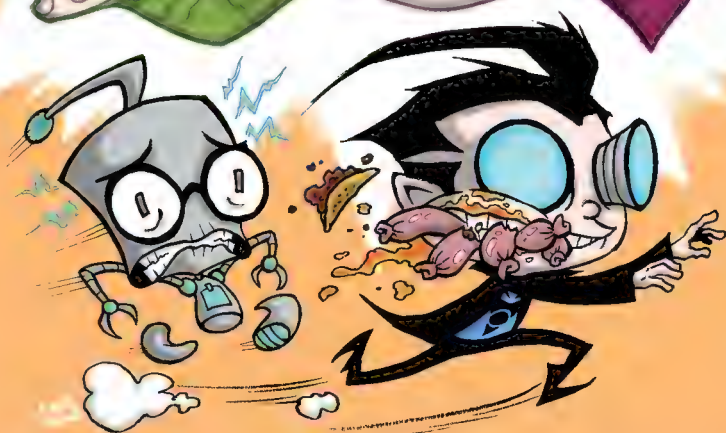
END.







# INVADER ZIM™

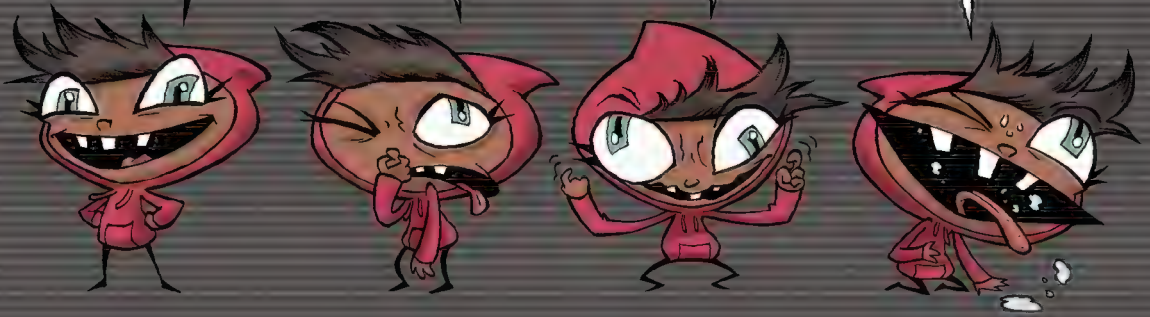


## CHAPTER: 5

illustration by DAVE CROSLAND




HELLO AGAIN, people! WOW! Recap Kid here, just bein' me, which means bein' THE BIGGEST INVADER ZIM FAN EVER TO WALK THE EARTH! That's why I read these comics, ya know? HA! HA HA HA! HA! So last time ZIM and GIR sat on the couch watching TV getting gross and smelly! There weren't any stink lines or anything BUT YOU COULD DEFINITELY TELL, and maybe I threw up a bit! Maybe just thinking about it is making me REAL SICK, OKAY? AH HA HA HA (cough) It was funny, though! THEY DIDN'T MOVE FOR THE WHOLE ISSUE!!! Now this new issue is about everyone's BRAINS getting SWAPPED! Dib and GIR swap brains and I'm thinkin' about that... I'm thinkin' about it REAL HARD... because it's REAL FUNNY! REAL FUNNY TO ME!!! I just LOVE IT! SO MUCH! AAAAAH HA HA HA (cough)



Recap Kid by **DAVE CROSLAND**  
with **WARREN WUCINICH**





PEOPLE WERE  
ALWAYS ASKING  
ME, "DO YOU KNOW  
INVADER ZIM?"

TO  
WHICH I'D  
REPLY...

... "SILENCE,  
YOU WORM!!!"

THEN I  
TELL THEM, "OF  
COURSE I DO! EVERYONE  
KNOWS THE MIGHTY ZIM,  
RULER OF PLANET  
EARTH!"

BUT SO  
FEW KNOW THE  
TALE OF JUST HOW THE  
OMNIPOTENT ZIM BECAME  
MASTER OF THAT PUTRID  
BLUE WORLD.



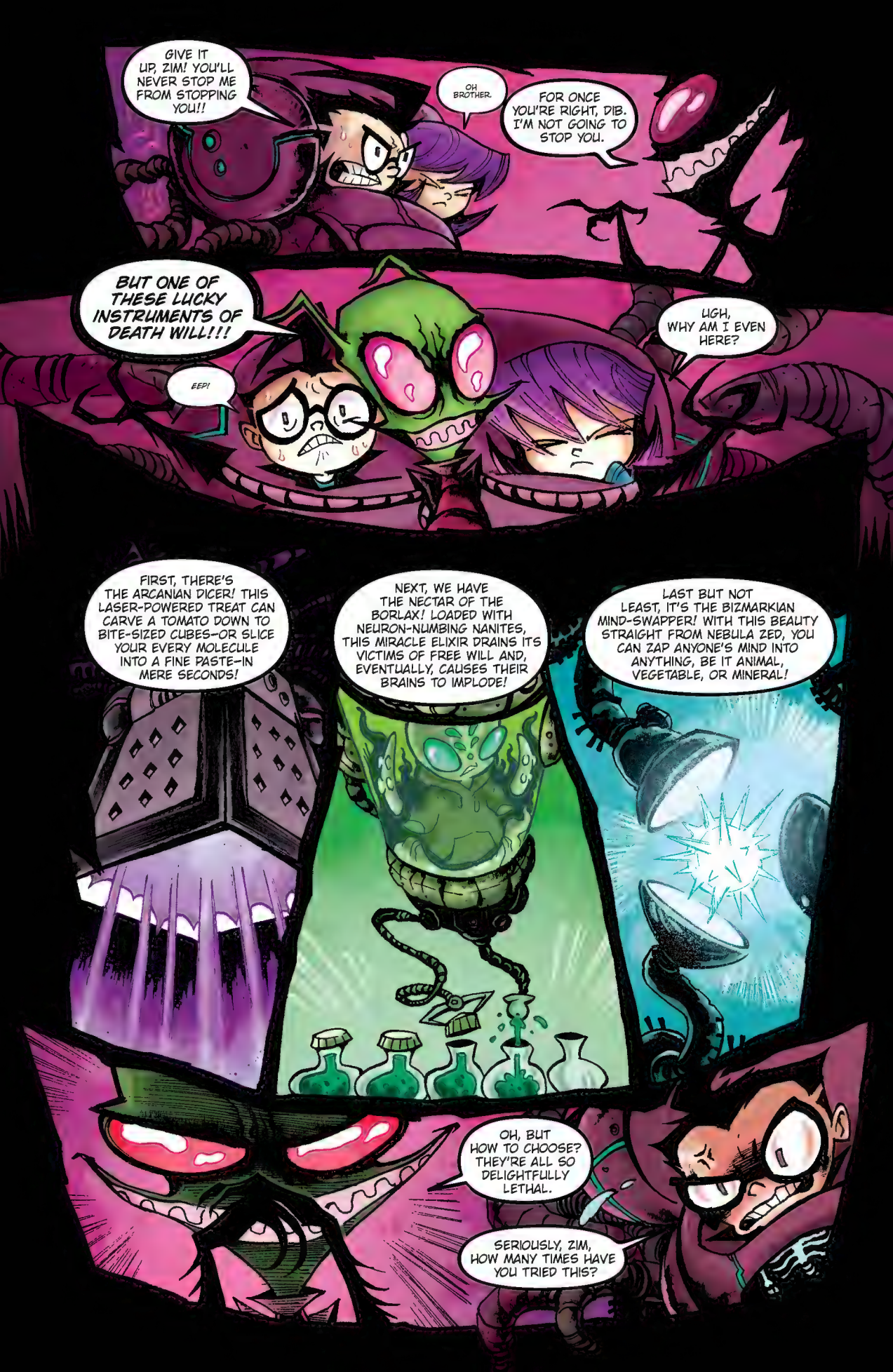


# MERCILESS MONDAY

**MWAHAHA!!!**  
PITIFUL DIB! THIS IS THE END  
OF YOU AND YOUR MEDDLING  
HUMAN-MEAT FACE!

MEAT,  
MEAT, MEAT!  
SQUISHY  
HUMAN-MEAT!





GIVE IT  
UP, ZIM! YOU'LL  
NEVER STOP ME  
FROM STOPPING  
YOU!!

OH  
BROTHER.

FOR ONCE  
YOU'RE RIGHT, DIB.  
I'M NOT GOING TO  
STOP YOU.

BUT ONE OF  
THESE LUCKY  
INSTRUMENTS OF  
DEATH WILL!!!

EEP!

UGH,  
WHY AM I EVEN  
HERE?

FIRST, THERE'S  
THE ARCANIAN DICER! THIS  
LASER-POWERED TREAT CAN  
CARVE A TOMATO DOWN TO  
BITE-SIZED CUBES-OR SLICE  
YOUR EVERY MOLECULE  
INTO A FINE PASTE-IN  
MERE SECONDS!

NEXT, WE HAVE  
THE NECTAR OF THE  
BORLAX! LOADED WITH  
NEURON-NUMBING NANITES,  
THIS MIRACLE ELIXIR DRAINS ITS  
VICTIMS OF FREE WILL AND,  
EVENTUALLY, CAUSES THEIR  
BRAINS TO IMplode!

LAST BUT NOT  
LEAST, IT'S THE BIZMARKIAN  
MIND-SWAPPER! WITH THIS BEAUTY  
STRAIGHT FROM NEBULA ZED, YOU  
CAN ZAP ANYONE'S MIND INTO  
ANYTHING, BE IT ANIMAL,  
VEGETABLE, OR MINERAL!

OH, BUT  
HOW TO CHOOSE?  
THEY'RE ALL SO  
DELIGHTFULLY  
LETHAL.

SERIOUSLY, ZIM,  
HOW MANY TIMES HAVE  
YOU TRIED THIS?



HOW MANY TIMES HAVE YOU TRIED TO DESTROY ME, SO YOU CAN CONQUER EARTH? AND HOW MANY TIMES HAVE YOU FAILED?

STUPID, STUPID DIB. IRKENS DON'T FAIL. WE JUST TOY WITH OUR PREY UNTIL THEY'RE DRAINED OF THAT PATHETIC EMOTION YOU CALL HOPE.

ALSO, IT IS DECIDED.

GIR!  
PREPARE THE BIZMARKIAN MIND-SWAPPER!!

AMWWWW.  
BUT IT'S PUDDIN' TIME.

NOOOO, GIR.  
PUDDING TIME IS AT 8PM SHARP. IT'S 8:03.  
NOW, PREPARE THE MACHINE!!!

AH, POO...  
I JUST WANT MY PUDDIN'.

WELL,  
DIB & SISTER OF DIB?? ANY LAST WORDS BEFORE THE VERY ESSENCE OF YOUR MINDS ARE FUSED INTO A PAIR OF SHOES, OR AN ACORN, OR SOMETHING EQUALLY HORRID?

LOOK. CAN YOU HURRY UP AND FAIL AT WHATEVER THIS IS, SO I CAN GO HOME? I'VE GOT A LAN PARTY TO GET TO, AND MY CLOWNS OF WAR GUILD AIN'T GONNA LEVEL UP BY ITSELF.

I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT HALF THOSE WORDS MEAN.  
ALSO, I DON'T CARE.

GIR!  
ACTIVATE THE MIND-SWAPPER!!!



NOM NOM  
NOM NOM  
NOM!

WAIT!  
NO, GIR! DON'T  
TOUCH IT WITH THOSE  
PUDDING MITTS!!!

WHOOOO-WEEEE,  
PUDDIN'!!!

9/69

WIK!


KRAKKA  
ZEEOWWEEOW






OOOG.

WHAT  
HAPPENED?



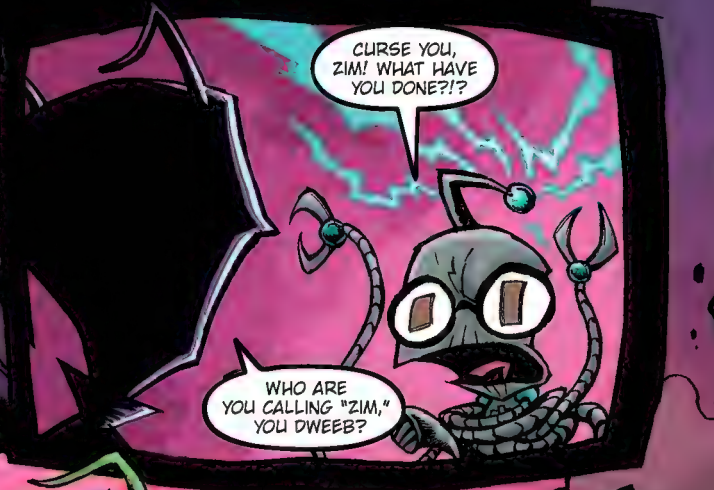
STUPID DIB.  
THIS IS ALL YOUR  
FAULT.



HA!  
I TOLD YOU, ZIM!  
I KNEW YOU WOULD FAIL,  
LIKE IT WAS WRITTEN ON  
THE BACK OF MY METAL  
CLAW!



WAIT.  
WHY IS MY HAND  
A METAL CLAW?



CURSE YOU,  
ZIM! WHAT HAVE  
YOU DONE?!?

WHO ARE  
YOU CALLING "ZIM,"  
YOU DWEBB?



DO I  
LOOK LIKE A "ZIM"  
TO YOU?



GAZZ!  
GAZ, IS THAT  
YOU?? WHAT  
HAPPENED  
TO—

I'LL TELL  
YOU WHAT  
HAPPENED.

MY IDIOT  
ROBOT ASSISTANT GOT  
HIS CREAMY DESSERT SLIME  
ALL OVER THE MIND-  
SWAPPER.

EVEN THOUGH  
IT'S **CLEARLY** MARKED  
OTHERWISE!

\*HIC!\*  
I SOWEEE,  
GRAMMA.

**DANGER  
NO  
PUDDING!**

UNFORTUNATELY,  
THE MACHINE IS FAR TOO  
DAMAGED TO REVERSE  
THE PROCESS.

SO WHAT?  
YOU'RE SAYING WE'RE  
ALL GONNA BE STUCK  
LIKE THIS FOREVER?!

**NOOOOOO!!!**

**HAHA!**  
**NOOOO!!!**  
WAIT, WHY ARE WE  
SCREAMING?





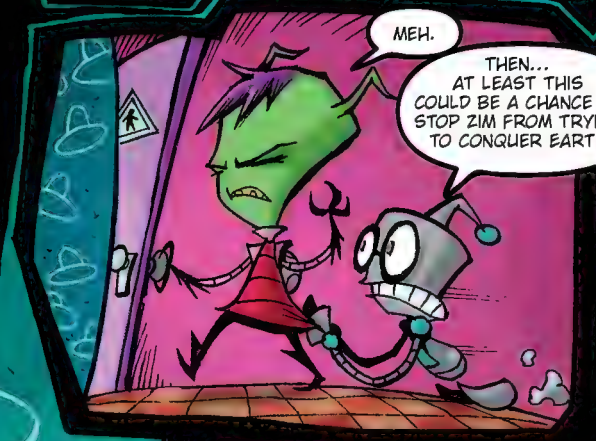
WELL, THAT'S MY CUE.

GAZ! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?



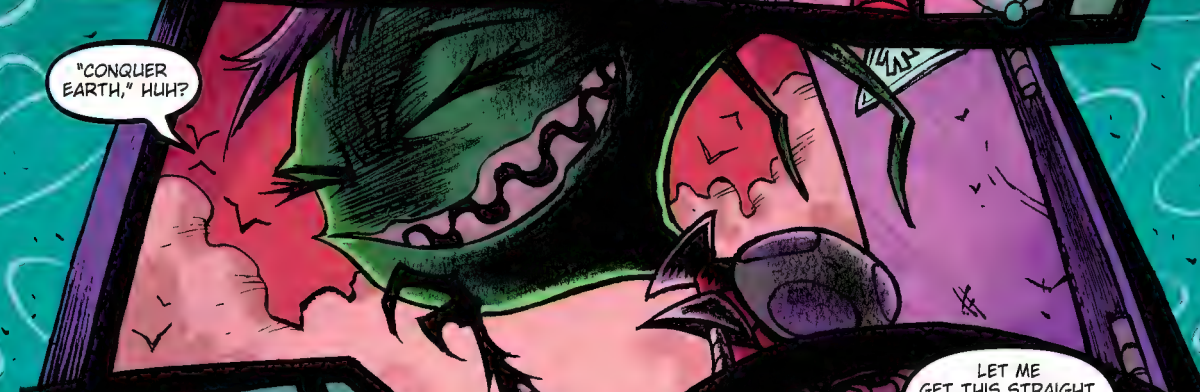
WHAT PART OF "LAN PARTY" AND "CLOWNS OF WAR LEVELING UP" DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND, DIB?

BUT GAZ! DON'T YOU WANT YOUR BODY BACK?!

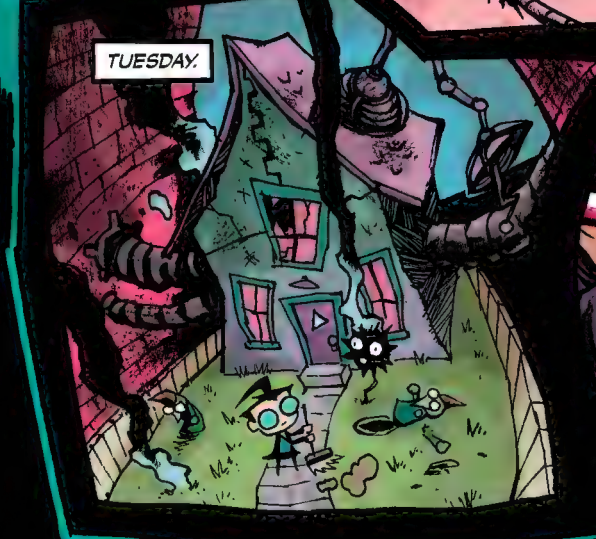


MEH.

THEN... AT LEAST THIS COULD BE A CHANCE TO STOP ZIM FROM TRYING TO CONQUER EARTH!



"CONQUER EARTH," HUH?



TUESDAY.



LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT. NOW YOU WANT TO HELP ME CONQUER EARTH?

OF COURSE I DO, ZIMMY! DON'T YOU SEE?



ZIMMY, BABY. I SEE HOW HARD YOU'VE WORKED AT TRYING TO TAKE OVER THIS WORLD. ONLY TO BLUNDER AT EVERY TURN.

**BLUNDER?**  
I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT.

WELL I GOTTA LEVEL WITH YA, ZIM. YOUR SO-CALLED INVASION HASN'T BEEN GREAT.

INSOLENT EARTHLING! YOU KNOW NOTHING OF INVASION! NOR OF THE COSMIC BIRTHRIGHT THAT FLOWS THROUGH MY IRKEN VEINS!

ACTUALLY, THEY'RE **MY** VEINS NOW THAT I'M IN YOUR BODY.

I... YOU... BODY-SNATCHING... HUMAN SCUM!!

WHOA, ZIMMY. NO NEED TO GET NASTY. HOW ABOUT THIS? I BET I CAN DO A BETTER JOB INVADING EARTH IN THREE DAYS THAN YOU COULD IN 16 YEARS. WINNER TAKES THE PLANET.

AND THE LOSER GETS BANISHED TO EARTH'S SAD, DUMPY LITTLE MOON.

FINE, WHATEVER! ANYTHING TO SILENCE YOUR IGNORANT DRIVE!

PERHAPS IT'S THIS GAZ-FORM MY GREATNESS HAS BEEN SHOVED INTO. BUT I'M SUDDENLY OVERWHELMED WITH THE NEED TO PLAY... VIDEO GAMES!

ATTA BOY, ZIM! YOU GO SCRATCH THAT GAMING ITCH. AND DON'T WORRY YOUR MEGA-COOL, PURPLE HEAD. WHEN I'M DONE, EVERYONE WILL KNOW THE NAME "ZIM."

GREAT WORK, GAZ! BUT I THOUGHT WE WERE GOING TO STOP ZIM FROM CONQUERING EARTH.

OF COURSE WE'RE GONNA STOP HIM, LITTLE BUDDY. BUT FIRST, WE'VE GOT TO INFILTRATE HIS ENTIRE OPERATION. MAKE SURE WE SHUT IT DOWN AT THE ROOTS, YA KNOW?

OH. RIGHT. OF COURSE.



I GOT THIS,  
DIB. WHY DON'T YOU  
DIVE INTO THAT NEW COMPUTER  
BRAIN OF YOURS AND SEE THERE'S  
ANY USEFUL INFORMATION  
STORED IN IT.

WHOA!  
YOU'RE RIGHT.  
I'M AN ADVANCED  
ALIEN ROBOT  
NOW!

THIS  
POSITRONIC BRAIN  
MUST BE LOADED  
WITH BOUNDLESS  
INFORMATION!

SURE, KID.  
DON'T HURT  
YOURSELF.

SO...

MUCH...

KNOWLEDGE!

WHAT'S YOUR  
PROBLEM, DIB?!  
I'M TRYING TO  
WORK HERE!

GIR'S  
MIND...

THE  
HORROR...

THE SHEER  
HORROR!



LATER...

AAAARG,  
YE SCALAWAG!  
YE'LL NEVER GETS  
ME TREASURE!

WE'LL  
SEE ABOUT  
THAT, GOO-BEARD  
THE TERRIBLE! GIR,  
MORE SODA!!

AYE, AYE,  
CAPTAIN!

WELL,  
PHASE ONE IS  
UNDERWAY.

MUMBLE,  
MUMBLE, EEK!

WHAT'S  
WRONG WITH  
HIM?

WHO CARES?  
HE TOOK A DIVE INTO  
THAT ROBOT BRAIN AND  
STARTED YELLING ABOUT  
SEEING THINGS.

MUMBLE,  
MUMBLE, THEY'RE  
EVERYWHERE! MUMBLE,  
MUMBLE...

AAAARG!!!  
YE BE A MIGHTY  
FOE INDEED!

OH YEAH.  
THE OLD GIR DID  
STUFF LIKE THAT  
ALL THE TIME.

MUMBLE,  
MUMBLE, BEES!  
MUMBLE, MUMBLE...

SILENCE,  
GIR!

NOW,  
WHAT IS THIS  
"PHASE ONE" YOU  
SPEAK OF?

PHASE  
ONE IS,  
"CONFRONT  
ALL THE PUNY  
ARMIES OF  
EARTH."

HAH!  
HOW FOOLISHLY  
BRAZEN. DO YOU PLAN  
ON DESTROYING THEM ONE  
BY ONE? PERHAPS STARTING  
WITH A MILITIA APPETIZER?  
AMATEUR!



NOPE.  
I'M NOT TAKING  
THEM ON ONE AT  
A TIME.

BWAAAAAAAAAH???

WELCOME  
ARMIES  
OF  
EARTH  
ALIEN  
WARRIORS  
WELCOME

I  
INVITED ALL  
OF THEM.





SIR! ALIEN HOSTILE SPOTTED!  
I CAN'T BELIEVE  
IT'S TRUE,  
SIR!

CRIPES AND  
STRIPES, SON! HOW  
LONG HAS THAT GREEN  
FREAK BEEN HIDING AMONG  
US? AND WHY DIDN'T  
ANYONE THINK TO  
WARN US!?

MISTER GENERAL,  
SIR! IT'S ME, DIB MEMBRANE!  
CODENAME: AGENT MOTHMAN! I'VE  
BEEN TRYING TO WARN YOU  
FOR YEARS!

AHH!  
KILLER ROBOT!  
REQUEST PERMISSION  
TO ENGAGE, SIR!

ARMIES  
OF EARTH!  
I COME TO  
YOU AS A  
FRIEND!

AND  
I COME  
BEARING  
GIFTS!

GASP!!

FLIZZAP!!

BEEDOOOW!!!





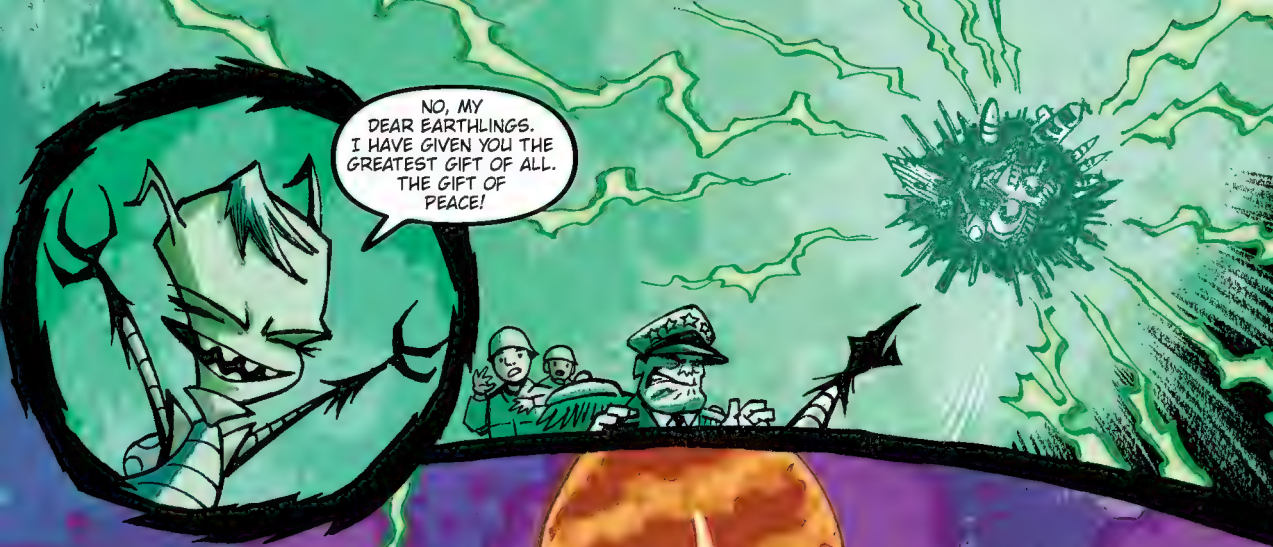
NOT MY PANTS!

SWEET  
MERCIFUL  
CUPCAKES!

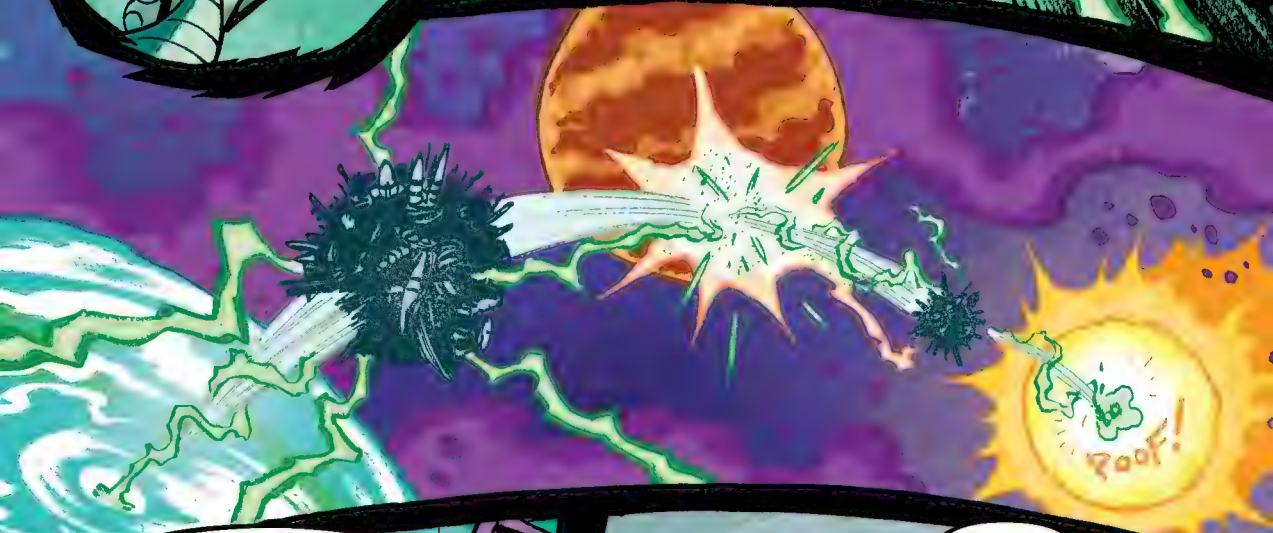
THAT MARTIAN  
MISCREANT JUST TOOK  
CONTROL OF EVERY SINGLE  
WEAPON ON EARTH!

WE'RE  
ALL DOOMED, SIR!  
DOOOOOMED!!!





NO, MY DEAR EARTHLINGS. I HAVE GIVEN YOU THE GREATEST GIFT OF ALL. THE GIFT OF PEACE!



AFTER EONS OF STUDY, MY GENTLE PEOPLE REALIZED THAT THE ONE THING HOLDING BACK HUMANITY WAS YOUR APPETITE FOR WAR. THAT'S WHY I WAS SENT HERE WITH THE ELECTROPLEX GUN GRABBER YOU JUST SAW. NOW WITHOUT ALL THOSE MESSY ARMAMENTS, EARTH CAN FINALLY THRIVE IN TRANQUILITY.



MEN, THIS LITTLE GREEN CREEP...



... IS THE GREATEST HERO EARTH HAS EVER SEEN!!!







TELL US,  
FRIEND OF MANKIND,  
WHAT IS YOUR  
NAME?

ZIM.  
MY NAME IS  
ZIM.

LET'S HEAR  
IT FOR ZIM THE  
PEACEMAKER!

SERIOUSLY, ZIM,  
HOW HAS NOBODY  
TOLD US ABOUT YOUR  
ALIEN PRESENCE  
UNTIL TODAY?

ZIM!  
ZIM!  
ZIM!  
ZIM!



"SERIOUSLY"?!  
I'VE BEEN TRYING  
TO TELL YOU PEOPLE  
ABOUT THIS FOR  
YEARS!

I DIDN'T  
EVEN KNOW I HAD  
AN ELECTROPLEX  
GUN GRABBER.



# GAZETTE



ALIEN HERO  
BRINGS  
EVERLASTING  
PEACE  
TO EARTH!!



# TRUTH SHRIEKER

## ALIENSEXIST!

WHY WEREN'T  
WE WARNED!??



AGENT  
MOTHMAN'S  
EPIC FAIL!

# TODAY

MAGAZINE  
BRAVE ALIEN  
HOLDS SPEECH  
AT CITY HALL



\$5.99



WEDNESDAY.

PEOPLE OF EARTH! WHEN I CAME TO THIS PLANET, YOU WERE A CONFUSED SPECIES, OBSESSED WITH WAR AND SELF-DESTRUCTION.

WE LOVE YOU, ZIM!

ZIM FOR PRESIDENT!

Go ZIM!

BUT NOW I SEE A HAPPY SPECIES, BASKING IN THE LIGHT OF LOVE.

LOVE?! RIDICULOUS! THIS IS NO PROPER WAY FOR AN IRKEN INVADER TO BEHAVE!

WOULD YOU STOP THAT? MY BODY HAS A VERY STRICT DIET!

NOM NOM NOM!

BUT LOVE IS NOT ENOUGH, IS IT? NOT ENOUGH TO FEED THE BLIGHT OF HUNGER THAT PLAGUES MOST OF YOUR WORLD.

THAT'S WHY MY SECOND GIFT TO YOU PROUD HUMANS IS THIS-BORLAX 12! MADE FROM THE FINEST WHOLE GRAINS AND THE MIRACULOUS NECTAR OF THE BORLAX, ONE BOWL OF THIS POWER-PACKED CEREAL CAN FEED AN ENTIRE HOUSEHOLD FOR 3 MONTHS!



I'M SO HUNGRY, ZIM!

ZIM FOR PRESIDENT

WAIT! ISN'T THE NECTAR OF THE BORLAX LETHAL??

I DON'T KNOW WHAT BORLAX IS, BUT I LOVE IT!!!

AHA! NOW THAT ALL THESE REPUGNANT BIPEDS ARE WEAPONLESS, GAZ PLANS TO POISON THEM INTO SUBMISSION. IT'S PURE GENIUS! OBVIOUSLY, SHE STOLE THIS SCHEME FROM MY INVASION DIARY.

GOLLY, I'VE WORKED FOR TRUTHSHRIEKER FOR 51 YEARS, AND I AIN'T NEVER SEEN SUCH GENUINE PROOF OF EXTRATERRESTRIAL LIFE!

YOU SEE, FOLKS? YESTERDAY I RID YOU OF WAR. TODAY, I'VE CURED WORLD HUNGER. YOU'RE WELCOME, EARTH.



# GAZETTE

BORLAX SWEEPS  
THE PLANET!  
FAMINE  
ERADICATED!!!

# TRUTH SHRIEKER

## INTERVIEW WITH AN INVADER!



3 SECRETS  
TO SAVING  
BACKWATER  
PLANETS

# TODAY

MAGAZINE

GLOBAL I.Q.  
PLUMMETS!  
NO ONE CARES!



THURSDAY

CURSE  
THIS SULEN,  
EARTH-GIRL  
BODY!!

ALL I WANT  
IS TO SIT AT HOME AND  
BROOD, WHILE YOUR SISTER  
STEALS MY THUNDER! I  
MUST... RESIST THIS...  
GAZ APATHY!

THIS IS  
MADNESS! HAVING ZIM'S  
BODY IS MAKING GAZ ACT  
MORE IRRKEN THAN HUMAN.  
BUT HOW CAN I STOP HER  
WHEN THIS ROBOT  
BRAIN IS DRIVING ME  
INSANE?!

WORLD ZIM CONFERENCE

ZIMWEAR

BORLAX!

ZIM  
SHIRTS

ZIM

ZIM

HALT.

DO YOU  
KNOW WHO I AM?  
LET ME PASS OR I'LL USE  
YOUR INTESTINES FOR  
A JUMP ROPE!

ACTUALLY,  
MA'AM, I'M ZIM'S OLD  
ROOMMATE FROM COLLEGE.  
AND THIS IS, ERRR, AN ORPHAN  
GIRL I'M MENTORING.

ZIM ONE,  
WE'VE GOT A CREEPY  
LITTLE GIRL AND A DORKY-  
LOOKING ROBOT OUT HERE.  
THEY SAY THEY'RE FRIENDS  
OF YOURS.

OH, THOSE  
TWO IDIOTS. GO  
AHEAD AND SEND  
THEM IN.

YOU MAY  
PASS.

WELL  
IT'S ABOUT  
TIME!

BIENVENIDOS,  
FRIENDLY PEOPLES!









SHE MUST  
BE STOPPED, DIB!  
CONQUERING EARTH  
IS MY THING!

SURE...  
STOP GAZ...  
BUT UUUUUUM...

WHAT'S WRONG  
WITH YOU, DIB? YOU  
LOOK EVEN DUMBER  
THAN USUAL!

COME  
PLAY WITH  
US, DIB.

YES, DIB.  
COME PLAY  
WITH US.

FOREVER  
AND EVER AND  
EVER!

NOOOO!!!  
I DON'T WANT  
YOUR DOG  
BABIES!!!

GIR!  
YOU'VE GOT  
TO HELP ME! THERE  
MUST BE A WAY TO SHOW  
THAT MOB OF BRAINLESS  
BOOTLICKERS THAT  
I'M THE ONE TRUE  
ZIM!

I  
KNOW!

NYAAAAH!!!

GIRLFRIEND!  
I'M GONNA MAKE YOU  
MARVELOUS!!



...SO, EARTHLINGS,  
IT IS MY GREAT HONOR TO  
GLADLY ACCEPT YOUR WORLD  
LEADERS' NOMINATION, MAKING  
ME THE MASTER OF  
EARTH!

BOOOO!  
IMPOSTER! FRAUD!  
PHONEY!!

ZIM!

ZIM!

ZIM!

ZIM!

MONSTER!

MY WORD!

FRAUD!  
I AM THE REAL  
ZIM! THE ONLY  
ZIM!!

YOU POOR,  
POOR CHILD. DON'T  
YOU SEE? I AM ZIM.  
YOU ARE ZIM. WE  
ALL ARE ZIM.

WHAT?  
NO! THERE'S  
ONLY ONE  
ZIM!!

I AM  
ZIM!

YEAH!  
AND I AM  
ZIM!

I AM  
ZIM!

I AM  
ZIM!

I AM  
ZIM!

RUFF! RUFF!!  
<I AM ZIM!>

NO! NO!

Noooooooooooo!!!!



PRESENT DAY.

SOON AFTER THAT, THE ONE TRUE ZIM WAS BANISHED TO THE MOON AS A HERETIC AND BET LOSER.

SO HERE I SIT, WHILE THAT DEVIOUS GAZ RULES OVER EARTH IN MY BEAUTIFUL IRKEN BODY. OH WELL....

...AT LEAST I'M NOT STUCK UP HERE ALONE.

BOUNCY, BOUNCY, BOUNCY!

AND NO ONE DARES TO LAUGH AT ME WAY UP HERE.

MOON OF SADNESS!

HAHAHA  
HAHAHA!!!

SILENCE, DIB!!  
CAN'T YOU SEE I'M BROODING!?

GALACTIC DEPRESSION?  
INTERSTELLAR TEARS?  
WE'VE GOT ALL THAT AND  
MORE ON TONIGHT'S EPISODE  
OF "MOON OF SADNESS!"

BROUGHT TO YOU BY  
BORLAX 12! NOW  
WITH MORE BORLAX!

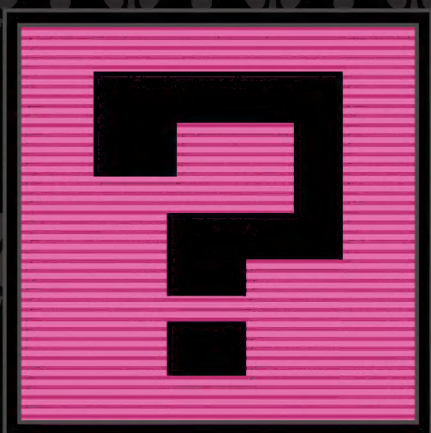
I LOVE  
THIS SHOW.

YA  
DARN  
TOOTIN'!

POPCORN

THE END





@JhonenV

## JHONEN VASQUEZ

Jhonen Vasquez is a writer and artist who walks in many worlds, not unlike Blade, only without having to drink blood-serum to survive the curse that is also his greatest power (still talking about Blade here). He's worked in comics and animation and is the creator of *Invader ZIM*, a fact that haunts him to this day.



@erictrueheart

## ERIC TRUEHEART

Eric Trueheart was one of the original writers on the *Invader ZIM* television series back when there was a thing called "television." Since then, he's made a living writing moderately-inappropriate things for people who make entertainment for children, including Dreamworks Animation, Cartoon Network, Disney TV, PBS, Hasbro and others. Upon reading this list, he now thinks he maybe should have become a dentist, and he hates teeth.





 @warrenwucinich

## WARREN WUCINICH

Warren Wucinich an illustrator, colorist and part-time carny currently living in Durham, NC. When not making comics he can usually be found watching old *Twilight Zone* episodes and eating large amounts of pie.



 @DaveCrosland

## DAVE CROSLAND

Dave Crosland was born in Buffalo, NY and fought his way through the baneful hordes to adulthood in Los Angeles, CA. He's created art for comics, cartoons, concert posters, video games and more. Along with *Invader ZIM*, his memorable projects include *Randy Cunningham: 9th Grade Ninja*, *Scarface: Scarred for Life*, *Everybody's DEAD*, *Yo Gabba Gabba* and his autobio comic *EGO REHAB*. When he isn't drinking rum from the skulls of his foes, Dave can be found hoarding pets and eating all your peanut butter.



 @FredCStresing

## FRED C. STRESING

Fred C. Stresing is a colorist, artist, writer, and letterer for a variety of comics. You may recognize his work from *Invader ZIM*, the comic you are holding. He has been making comics his whole life, from the age of six. He has gotten much better since then. He currently resides in Savannah, Georgia with his wife and 2 cats. He doesn't know how the cats got there, they are not his.



**ZIM's latest doomsday plot is foiled when GIR goes haywire and tries to kill everyone in sight! And it's all due to a horrible VIRUS! I mean, VIROOZ!**



ZIM is forced to do the one thing he never thought he'd have to—GO INSIDE GIR'S BRAIN. Where nothing works and everything is exactly at GIR's level of nonsense. And when ZIM discovers that the virus was created and implanted by a being known only as VIROOZ from the planet Cyberfloxx... well, not to spoil TOO much, but there are chairs involved! Mean ones! Plus, a special one-shot that asks the question, "What would happen if ZIM, Gaz, Dib, and GIR swapped brains?" And maybe answers that question as well!



RELIEVE THE  
TERROR OF WATCHING  
THE INVADER ZIM  
TV SHOW BY READING  
INVADER ZIM  
THE COMIC!

